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Three CDs of rare and unreleased tracks including the long out of print *Rhythms, Resolutions and Clusters* (1995). Also a DVD of nearly 2 hours of videos and never before seen live footage. Deluxe!



FREQUENCY S/T

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Featuring Chicago jazz luminaries: EDWARD WILKERSON - Tenor Sax (8 Bold Souls) HARRISON BANKHEAD - Bass (8 Bold Souls) NICOLE MITCHELL - Flute (Black Earth Ensemble) AVREEAYL RA - Percussion (Sun Ra)



OOIOO TAIGA

OUT SEPTEMBER 12.

Led by Yoshimi P-see, underground avante and co-founder of Japanese sonic titans Boredoms, the band soars to blissful plateaus, and stomps like a herd of elephants on the way there. Often, the band's art conjures images of infinity; with this record they come quite close. CD comes in a deluxe, holographic-foil embossed digipak aimed to enhance the transcendental experience. OOIOO will be touring Europe in the Winter of 2006.



ANGELA DESVEAUX *Wandering Eyes*

OUT SEPTEMBER 12.

Wandering Eyes The sparkling debut album recorded by Brian Paulson (Blint, Wilco) at Montreal's Hotel 2 Tango studio. Cape Breton's Angela Desveaux has a brilliant voice and a perfect vehicle for her personal and poignant song writing. Recorded with a full band featuring Howard Berman (ArcadeFire) on drums. Angela will be touring Fall 2006.

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Kool Keith
photographed by Benoit W. Art

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The Masthead

ROBERT SCORLETT



Bruce Eastaugh

For various reasons I didn't get out much this summer, but one unneeded social obligation was welcoming my postgraduate Sibs Kapf looking through *The Wire*'s book pages in London's Handel House Museum, where he gives a talk. Unsurprisingly, based on an article about the countermeasures taken since 1988 as part of the Handel And The CAMEL campaign, Kapf's out-of-control rambling notwithstanding, the event delivered the unusual pleasures of hearing an otherwise fairly Kaff Haino voice hectoring the ghost of Jim Henson, who once lived at 23 Brook Street next door to the Handel House, and nothing like a version of the 1981 sitcom *AnyBody's Family* Sander's "Golfing Up," sung by French comic-musician François Tassary, mixing amiles of recognition and mocking the circle of Handel admirers as attendees 18 years prior of credit transfused imagination like like a motor break-through, that feeling was understood

by a conversation with the music student guitarist from Simon Of Sound, who accompanied live versions of Prince's "Kiss," Al Green's "Tie Me To The River" and an extract from Philip Glass's *Akkasno* at the river. Scrolling through last month's *Synopsis* issue, he expressed surprise that noise existed as a genre.

This brief exchange with a genuine music museum whose music playing positions him between a pop rock and the halls of academia, was a salutary reminder that for all the denouement noise has made this past decade, walls still stand. This is in part a consequence of the near underground's remarkable development of a self-sufficient global network that allows the Net to disseminate news and music through email-based Webcasts and MP3s. Meanwhile, a thriving industry of specialist vinyl and self-made CD-Rs sold through Internet outlets and at performances has obviated the need to deal with a mainstream music culture that is neither interested nor understands its content. This applies as much to dubsteppers Digital Mystikz (page 14) as the Grey Dancers (99 Low Seas collaboration [reviewed on Page 54]). But the diversity to the underground life is settling for a ghettoized existence. Purely based rather marketing effort allow outdoor artists to continue, but indirectly enclosing limited edition CD-Rs to the same 50 people under the world ultimately leads to cultural stagnation.

Personally I have no desire to see the return of grey ensembles that mirrored what was in the 1980s, but the *Genesis Singer* (Orange Jubilee) (page 26) at a reminder of the dialogue with has happened with the mainstream through the gentle opposition of Throbbing Gristle and the subterfuge of Psychic T's adventures with Warner Brothers and CBS/Sony.

There is another way of leaving the margins without becoming mired in mainstream assimilation through the cross media leaps of the great choreographer Merce Cunningham (page 26), whose work has taken the music of Tchaikovsky Kosagi, Maryanne Amacher, Yasuo Koma, Jim O'Rourke and long-term conceptual John Cage into the world they might not otherwise have reached. **WIRE 2000**

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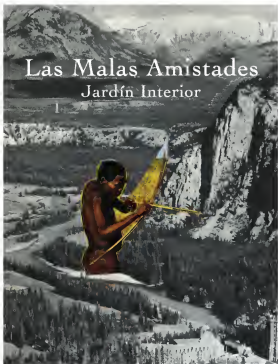
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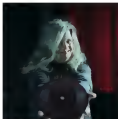
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Chilivla senilis

Is The Matchless (The Wire #20), Louie Gray Verne,
 "There weren't even a dozen on our list to put *Scarsdale* on the cover – there's a fantastic strength to both image and subject." Well, you do not have to be evangelized to read this one. *The Wire* is willing to put even a few women on its cover, as long as there is a good reason. How conspicuous! Indeed while Gray isn't able to reason to justify that photo, she does so after the dash. I find this odd and underlining, as I think it underestimates the intelligence of the *Wire*'s readership. Or should I say I hope it does?

Annex **Butcher Zürich, Switzerland**

The *Meathead* was not written to get ourselves on the back as much as to deplore the fact that female artists routinely suffer discrimination. Recognizing that it is not the same as condoning it — Louise Gata

Nonplutonic melt-down

Moss doesn't really work as a genre, does it? I read Bruce Russell's review of the *California Box set* (The Wire 370) without getting an idea of what it sounds like. I am aware that Russell has tried to conceptualise noise elsewhere, but in this review he did not. Moss as a term is so broad, and it indicates such a variety of possible sounds that it

lyrics very little about a genre that includes Joe Collie and Control (both of whose features on this release). The range of sounds on *Callifornia* includes field recordings and heavily edited composite sound files: it strikes me that one of the features of noise is its variety, both in terms of the range of its sources and the range of sounds within an individual recorded piece. The heading, referred to the box set as monolithic, noise (as a genre) is anything but monolithic; in anything but dense, it can't be appreciated if it's ready and able to let anything in.

David Brown dsbrown@msn.com

Fathering discipline

There seems to be a disruption in opinion about the state of *Some Years*, highlighted by your recent article in *The Wire* (2008) and a reader's response (Letter, issue 212). What makes them still so compelling at this late stage in their vulnerability and refusal to be missed goes into their chemistry to me. Kate Gosselin and her husband, John, are a couple like her (I hope), as it is exciting to dream around to Thurston Moore and Lee Ranaldo's *Bandstand* and the light emerging from the shade of the *live* directed feedback without recordings. I've been baffled both by the event sobriety of disgruntled cult of journalists, as I have by the lack of imagination on the part of rock fans shouting out for the *live* to be more like the *live* take an extended approach to John Goss.

Also, the cover of *Stronger* (2010) brought a smile to my face. Having seen them in concert for the first time, I was delighted by the humor and chaotic improvisation of their performance. It's great that the vibrant, vigorous outsiders are getting more coverage. Ohhah! Despite some supposed wacky expression in *The Mouthhead*, looks rather beautiful like a wild cross between Marlon Brando and Angelina Jolie. I rejoice.

Let the joints run free
Duette Wanda adjusts rest suspended

In praise of aural virginity

While listening to the *Ego Meets God* CD (live to subscribers at the WBEZ 89.5), I dreamed an even more important and underappreciated first listen to an album is "Yes, multiple listens can be meaningful in the way they can reveal depth to a piece, but where we first listen to a piece we are truly open to the experience. Albums can twist and turn, creating a meandering while listeners that can only be truly felt in the first listen, when we have no idea where the sound might go. It's extremely important with President's August 14th Anniversary and *ALBUQUERQUE* CD that we first listen to it. I am doing this. I truly never listen to *Ego & Me* CD, but I don't want to spoil the experience I had first time around, walking into a black hole. Let's do this, please. I will, off center.

News from the front

ser writing from *werldam Beirut*. I find myself unable to listen to or enjoy music as I once did. It's truly a tragedy. Having been a member of your magazine for many years, I can no longer receive my issues because of the situation. Naturally, like most Lebanese, I am forced to stay idle and follow the news and the peace/ceasefire negotiations on TV. Henry Ford suddenly springs to mind in his 6th poem, "Little Star Drive": "Nobody tells peace like Uncle Sam do/ Little Star tells peace and then drops a nuclear bomb on you!" How right... even in 2006!

Roger Bahad Barakat, Lebanon

Conclusions

Issue 270 Phil Spector's picture was taken by Andrew Curtis. Ask International will release Biosphere's Cho Oyo, not Touch, as stated in lovely Jukebox. In Sex Matters, Chelms was re-capt: the picture is George Rogers, not Joe Gilmore. In On Screen, Indie Schweizer. A Film By Gern GerdDVD is released by Rock Filmproduktions/Entertainment Records. □

The Worm 273

The October issue of *The Wire* will be on sale from 26 September

www.itsa.com.au

New exclusives on The Wire site this month include AMM, Charlie McBride and Escapist MP3 downloads, a film clip from *Invasion Of The Thunderbolt People*, the full transcript of Genevieve Royer's *N-Dreadge's* interview with J. Edgar, and more.

Sign up to *The Conduit*, our fortnightly newsletter containing information on additional Web updates, in your browser, or visit www.thewire.co.uk

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A weekly show of new music hosted by the show staff, broadcasting across Central London on 104.4 FM every Thursday, 8-1030pm GMT, with a media page streaming on at www.megacraft.com

Songs are available as downloadable MP3s at www.shine.co.uk/shine.php

Bitstream News and more from under the radar

Roger 'Syd' Barrett, former member of Pink Floyd and solo artist, died of diabetes-related ill health on 7 July, aged 69. Barrett wrote Pink Floyd's first two singles, 'Arnold Layne' and 'See Emily Play', as well as the bulk of the group's 1967 debut, *Piper at the Gates of Dawn*. Struggling to cope with the demands of stardom and his own substance abuse problems, Barrett left Pink Floyd the following year. He recorded two solo albums, *Barrett* and *The Madcap Laughs*, both of which were released in 1970. The latter Barrett released to his hometown of Cambridge. He performed several times with his group Stars, but after they disbanded in 1974 Barrett cut his ties with music and the music industry – although in 1975 he made an unexpected appearance at the studio where Pink Floyd were recording their *Wish You Were Here* (his song 'Shane on Sea Crazy Dreamed') is dedicated to him) – and lived a reclusive existence in the cellar of his parents' home.



Syd Barrett

Arthur Lee, guitarist and vocalist for US psychedelic rock group Love, died on 3 August of leukemia, aged 61. Born in Memphis, Lee grew up in Los Angeles. After working as a songwriter for him in the early 60s, he formed Love in 1965. One of the first successful rock groups – Lee referred to himself as "the first blind hippy" – Love were a key group of LA's Sunset Strip psychedelic era. Though they never achieved the profile or success of their contemporaries The Byrds and The Doors, partially due to Lee's refusal to tour, their 1967 album *Forever Changes* is an acknowledged classic. The group disbanded in 1968 due to drug abuse problems and internal disputes, but Lee continued to use the name for his sporadic activities throughout the 70s. In the 80s he disappeared from view, but made something of a comeback with a solo album in 1992. In 1995 he was jailed on a firearms charge, and was released in 2001. In recent years Lee had been touring with Los Angeles group Baby Lemonade at his seeking group.



Rough Trade Shop, June 7th

This month, Black Dog will publish *Rough Trade*, an illustrated history of the long-running and groundbreaking London record label, written by The Who's own Paul Simonon. The book is the second in Black Dog's *Labels Unlimited* series, following Young's 2004 book on the Warp label, and covers the label's post-punk origins through its success with The Fall and The Smiths in the 80s to its early 90s demise and recent rehabilitation. The book's release coincides with the 30th anniversary of the Rough Trade Shop, which separated from the label in 1983. To mark the occasion, V2 Records release a double CD compilation, *The Record Shop: 30 Years Of Rough Trade Record Shops*, whose tracks have been selected by a range of musicians, artists and writers, including Björk, Siobhán Mearns, Peter Christensen and The Horrible Sewage Band! www.roughtrade.com

Sub Pop have announced details of the highly anticipated new album by US indie trio **Walt Eyes**. *Human Animal*, the follow up to 2005's *Barred Meat*. The album was recorded by the trio of John Quico, Nina Young and Mike Connolly, with former member Aaron Gillwey helping out with the mixing. According to Sub Pop, the album is characterised by "a depth of sound not realised on *Walt Eyes*' previous work". *Human Animal* will be released on 25 September. www.subpop.com



Walt Eyes

Exuberant Osaka improv-noise duo **Akhirampo** – best known for their collaborations with Acid Mothers Temple, have released a new album entitled *Saka Aki Aki* on the Mazonight label. The album is an audio-visual document of the duo's month-long stay in a Saka pygmy village in southern Cameroon in 2004. The group will be touring Japan in late August and early September, and have recently started their own podcast. www.akhirampo.com

In September the Norwich label will release a five CD box set of the works of **Steve Reich** to commemorate the composer's 70th birthday. *Phase A* (Norwich Records) spans the period from 1965 (when his relationship with Norwich began) to the present day, and collects works of Reich's best known contemporaries, including Music For 18 Musicians, No. 4 (Movement), Case Out and Counting. His 70th birthday will be marked by several concerts in the UK and the US. The Barbican in London will stage a week-long Reich festival from 28 September – 8 October. *Phase A – The Music Of Steve Reich* will include the world premiere of a new piece, *David Yvoronone*, and performances of several of his compositions and dance pieces. From 3 October – 4 November three New York arts organisations (JAM, Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center) will co-host a month of Steve Reich 70. www.steverreich.com, www.barbican.org.uk



Steve Reich

On 4 October an exhibition dedicated to the work of the Futurist artist **Luigi Russolo** will open at London gallery the Estorick Collection of Modern Italian Art. *Luigi Russolo: The Life And Work Of A Futurist* includes a series of interactive (non-interactive), Russolo's experimental sound-making machines, as well his

FOR VISUALS



Jürgen Bausilo at the Eurocephone, 1998

pre-Futurist and Futurist paintings, a complete set of his engravings, archival material and works by several of Rasco's associates. Umberto Boccioni and Gino Severini among them. The sale begins on until 17 December: www.standardsales.com

Netnaga 09, an international festival which aims to "explore media innovation within the context of electronic arts" is calling for entries for its International Live Media Floor session, which it describes as "an international platform to confront practices of generating a video moving image and sound of every type and format." Submissions must "employ electronic electroacoustic analogue and acoustic means to produce visuals and sound" be designed for a single event space and have a duration of about 20 minutes. The festival takes place from 28-31 January 2009 in Bologna, Italy: www.netnaga.it

Details have been announced of **Tonset**, a new festival of music in electronic arts, which will take place at a film station in Olten, Switzerland, from 13-15 November. The festival programme is a series of interactive installations, live performances by Stephen Mithras, as well as live improvisation, among others, and dance and theater performances. A radio station will also broadcast for the duration of the festival: www.tonsetproject.ch

The Specialty Canadian label will release a posthumous album by former Swell Music guitarist **Nikki Sudden** who died in March this year. The **Truth Doesn't Matter** is scheduled for release on 10 October. It follows a recent Nikki Sudden 27" golded Swellman album and featuring members of Southern Blot, on the Rock's House label. Sudden's autobiography, awarded The Last Yorker will be published next year: www.specialtycanada.com

Wine contributor Marcus Boon has created what must be one of the first art events to take place in a swimming pool. Described as a cross between a sound and a light installation, **Night Swim** will run from sunset to sunrise at the **Thirty Driftwoods Community Centre** swimming pool in Toronto on 30 September, 2008. Boon has awarded sound artists, musicians and DJs – including Glavin Paves, Tim Hader, R&B, Keith Palmer/Winter, Marcus Rosenfield and Sarah Peckles – to produce six



Sarah Peckles

specific works and acts as a specially designed sound environment, which will include underwater microphones and speakers. Entry is free and towels will be provided: thetwentyeighty.com

Japanese musician and publisher **Masashi Kitamori** died on 17 June. A pivotal figure in the Japanese underground of the late 70s and 80s, Kitamori founded the **Punk Mito** magazine in 1979, one of the first punk/leisure magazines in Japan. Then he set up **Time Records** in the mid 80s, releasing the earliest material by the likes of The Boredoms and Ruins. He went on to start the **SSS Communications** label, and was also a founding member of **Y902**, a group which included Tetsuya Yoshida of Ruins and KK Null. □

Trip Or Squeek By Savage Pencil



Contrarian circuitry By Marc Masterson



Heavy traffic (left to right): Excepter's Ben Houghland, John Paul Ryan, Ben Houghland, Nathan Corbin

"We've been working on this record since the band started," says John Paul Ryan, discussing Excepter's latest release, *Altercation*. "A lot of it is among the first stuff we ever wrote." The Brooklyn group's earlier records burst with warped synths and drum madness under electronic noise and echoing noises, but *Altercation*'s sparse, bare-bones sound is more basic. "I thought we were going to sound like that from the beginning," explains Ben Houghland. "As [Excepter's 2003 debut] was a bit shoegaze—I didn't know we sounded like that and the record came out." Adds Ryan, "I wanted Excepter to be a structured techno/rock thing, but I'm so used to improvising that I couldn't help myself. For a while there we were lost in where lead. We've come changing back into techno."

Still, Excepter's version of techno remains extremely skewed. All four members—Ryan, Houghland, Jon Nicholson and Nathan Corbin—play synths, sequencers and drum machines, while Ryan and Nicholson add blaring, dooling vocals. The resulting sonic castration also shuffling tempo with rapid-fire bass moving and driving melody. Tracks like the lurching "Will It Wind" and the belting "Dig-Pop" come across as cartoon renditions of Black Dice or Cybertronics, while even the catchy "Rock Strapper" sounds more like The Residents' early swing than a club track.

Excepter's idiosyncratic mix of styles is clearest on "Knock Knock," whose ambient pulse comes from Ryan's time in No-No-Black (Ryan lived "I wrote that beat in the summer of 1988," recalls Ryan. "I used it in No-No-Black for, just peering it out on my knee." Not the glowing synths and fluttering vocal line for further beat. "At the time I was really into Henry Smith's talk technology and Bob Dylan's love on that stuff," Ryan continues. "So it's basically a reverse of 'Knock Knock' like 'O' like 'Foggy West-A-Country'."

All this makes *Altercation* more a logical move than a radical departure. 2004's *Self Destruction* (that record took a similar step toward a simpler sound) and the

rough, spilling side of Excepter's previous work persists. "We've been doing stuff like this all along," says Ryan. "I just have a ninety-hour of mixing concept records, keeping them in these focused areas." "As and *Altercation* are basically the poles, but you can hear the transitions between each record," insists Houghland. "Eventually it'll make sense."

Ryan and Houghland started Excepter in 2000 during their days in club Djs. "We started learning synths and drum machines to the DJ booth," recalls Ryan. "No one was coming anyway, and finding places to play lead is an issue in New York. So it was like, 'Hey, here's a sound system. Time to do some free experimentation.' Our DJ style was all over the place, but not experimental for experimental's sake," adds Houghland. "It was freedom with results."

After Excepter's debut to include Martin Semens and spouses Carlin Cook and Colder, Martin's chaotic performances ensued, with members often crowding into the audience. Ryan posted lengthy live streams on the Website (www.excepter.com), a practice that became an obsession. "Our shows started going south a bit and I would try to fix it in editing," admits Ryan. "I'd edit in precise recordings, or samples from what I was hearing on TV. It was born out of frustration. When things are out of control you try to control something else." "The band was this complete tornado on both a great way and a bad way," concurs Nicholson, a longtime Excepter cohort who became an official member after Cook and Martin left last year. "I didn't want to bring Jon in early on, because it seemed like it would be a great way to run the life" adds Ryan, laughing.

With Nicholson in and Semens replaced by Nathan Corbin, the current foursome ceded so quickly that a first rehearsal was released this past spring in the Salsombrer EP full of light noise and emphatic beats, the record seems to end before it begins. "We had just spent a weekend at a camping party on the

Cosbitt" Ryan explains. "It was the kind of weekend where you still have that one energy burning through your skin all week long. [That rehearsal] was like having a career and realizing, 'Wow, we made the right decision.' The sun finally came out."

"Since then we've been really happy," interjects Houghland. "It stood the stakes. There was a safety in the old era, like, 'Oh, we're doing, we don't have to be good.' Now we play better and get along better, so we don't just get by on our weird reputation." The quartet's readily improvised shows still have a loose, joking feel, often teetering between hypnosis and tedious. "It's the old cliché about how art is supposed to split the room," argues Houghland. "At some shows I've gotten confirmation that half the people objected to it and half the people were psyched. To me, that's the perfect reaction."

One strong dividing line is Ryan's singing, a harsher mean that slices exceptively through the group's swirling mix. "People say it's just wordless chanting, but sometimes when it sounds like nonsense, it isn't," says Ryan. "During 'Till We're Free' [an *Altercation* track recorded live at Manhattan's Cake Shop], my family was in the audience, so I sang about making arrangements for some family function. At least that's what I was thinking about. I'm sure it sounded like middle-aged nonsense."

Two future Excepter records are already planned: *Prescience*, a sequel to 2003's *Throne* (Loud), and *Over Day*, for which Corbin will precompose bedding tracks. "None of the music has been recorded yet, but the covers are done. I need to think of the covers first. Like with *Altercation*, I knew it would be a game of with pictures of buildings and traffic lights," says Ryan. "We might also make an album out of live recordings, kind of create a studio shell around a performance. But there's always an idea about what we're going to do, and then there's what actually happens." *Altercation* is out now on NRC.

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The tapes that bind By Jon Dale

"I enjoy the sound of decay." With one short sentence, tape and electronics artist Jason Lescaillet compresses the ingenuity, threat, and loops and bands he's discovered in his work. Whether he's splicing tape between old reel-to-reel machines, leaning between primitive technologies in live concerts, or engaging in precision editing on a home computer, Lescaillet's thought-provoking and undeniably real live work is tactile, sculptural and gloriously disempowered. He works degraded formats as a better metaphor for human relations, not as cynical commentary, but as an aid to revelation and remembrance, the warm glow of analogues and the physicality of tape loops and editing obsessively examining the human touch at the center of this music.

It's an aesthetic traceable to his very beginnings in sound manipulation. Born in Maastricht in 1969 and now based in Berkeley, Minne, Lescaillet caught the bug early on. "The loved the damaged sounds for as long as I can remember," he says. "Early childhood memories include listening to sound effects LPs on headphones at my dad's apartment. My dad gave me a tape recorder when I was five years old. My brother and I recorded stuff utilizing the sound effects records, much like an old time radio show." When the two brothers were apartment geographers, they would stay in cassette tape trading. "We'd tape our favorite songs for each other as a personal expression," recalls Lescaillet. "We'd bring the songs together with clips from the television or clips of each other, just for family and friends."

Lescaillet's first performance in a Maastricht art gallery involved dueling stereo beatboxes playing a green-headed collage. After this, a friend gave him a reel-to-reel. "Before long, I was scavenging for old open reel decks at yard sales and flea markets," he continues. "This became my instrument, as they all have different voices. I chose not to replace these machines — their inherent clicking and humming became part of their individual voice."

In 2001, Lescaillet broke cover with a series of releases that saw him testing his synthetic premises. His single for Freedom From, *Electricity* (Europe DJ Frankie's Love), came with juddering energy, blurring out chunky blocks of audio signals. Other

releases from this period include early tentacles with John Haden, Greg Kelley, and the ten-pinch duo of Kelley and Shob Rosenberg, and Lescaillet's debut album, *Memento mori* (on Jason Kahn's Cut label). The disc is a good introduction to Lescaillet's early explorations, collecting recordings that range from patients juggling to smoking while near a buzzing low-end. But *Electricity* (June 2002) is perhaps his most powerful solo statement, his soaring caroling beautifully sustained tone poems from abstracted signals.

"*Electricity* was originally called *Electronic Music For Magnetic Taps*," Lescaillet clarifies. "The compositions are all based on analogue tape recordings, usually reel-to-reel. The title *Electricity* was because it was a mixtape, except I used the PC for manipulating and acquiring. Once I had the tracks lined up on the computer, I started working with DSP effects and really changed the shape of the original work. It was then that I dropped the tape reference, as it was always consciously inspired by Kowalski's work [with which it shares its name]."

Both in live performance and initial recording stages, Lescaillet leans heavily on tapes, tape loops, microcomputers, pre-recorded sounds. In order to create music beautiful in its physicality. In short, he's not afraid to get his hands dirty. "I have the need to feel more physically involved with my music," he says. "Like, you'll often catch him thrashing through the performance space. 'This great to watch,' wrote Jason Kahn in an interview for the Fluxus Research Website. "Always moving around, from one machine to another, crawling in and out of the floor."

Lescaillet's manipulation of pre-recorded consumer electronics hints at subversion, a kind of consumer disobedience. "An excellent choice of terms and indeed one of my motives!" he responds, continuing, "I've always looked at old consumer gear and asked myself how I could make use of it. One main trick: I'll orient lists in observing and using the radio output of defuncted technology, the cues of a system as distress and the 'humming' implications of broken-down equipment. "When audio was present, its death itself is often interesting to me," Lescaillet continues. "Sometimes broken sounds are

alive enough to be used simply because the listener won't know where the sounds came from."

"I played my *Electricity* Music LP for an old friend of mine — a retired music engineer in his late 70s/early 80s. He said, 'I don't understand it. These are all the sounds that people once paid me to remove from their recordings. You've made music from them. He didn't particularly like the music, but perhaps he's too good for said music?' Lescaillet agrees, before adding, "I like playing bad music."

Lescaillet's most recent interventions have been collaborative. Earlier this year, Kate Peabody released *Amplitude* in *The Week*, his duo recording with Joe Kelley. Part of the *Beethoven* series, which artists meet up at Europe's in Nijmegen. The Netherlands for a two-day residency, the disc is staggering, mapping wide swaths from hard bits of field recordings to evocative tape scaffolds and psychedelic sounds of synthesis. "We tried to capture the beauty of the machine," Lescaillet says.

Also just out is his second outing with engineer, Love Me Two Times. Sporting two discs, it's highly impressive, split between fluctuating drones, brief snippets of live playing, and comedic interludes from such "mundane" sources as kitchen cooking fragments and discussions concerning real placement, which function in part as a commentary on the project. "The main reason for these 'inserts' is Lescaillet explains, "is to bring a human element and sense of humor to our music. Unity, like I can't be told, literally to break off the time." But they also connect him back to his earliest splicing efforts, sending tape letters to his brother.

Lescaillet's next and most personal project, to be self-released on *Glistening Examples*, is *The Pilgrim*, a solo set dedicated to his late father. It "will contain a recording from the (2004) Intersession festival, the recording of my dad's last remembered words to me, and a memorial composition that ends with the conclusion of my Intersession festival set." Tape binding the past and present, compassion as memorial. Lescaillet's music unfurls magnetic effects as both joyful and painful. (3 songs/ages) Jason Lescaillet's Love Me Two Times is released by Intermittent.



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Dubstep dreamers

By Chris Sharp



Digital Mystikz: Coki and Melle

Twirling and tanning, morphing from one into the other: from jungle into drum 'n' bass, from two-step into Otis and beyond, the almost unshakable continuum of reimagined British dance music has sprung from a collective, layered and elusive track the rules, do whatever feels good. Its latter incarnation – as if you didn't already know – is dubstep, a weird, tripe and gorgeously heavy sound which balances the crisp, skittery beats of Garage against droid textures and some of the raucous, most vibrant sub-bass you can imagine.

Thanks to an online network of blogs, forums and file-sharing services – not to mention some subsidising music – 2006 has seen dubstep embracing a kind of online mass, pulling in outsiders from the UK and later years around the world, all of them attracted by the music's blend of seriousness and positivity, its purposeful, minimalist sensibility. For dubstep, the Web has served as a second generation dance party radio, reaching much further than the moodier, lower-back frequencies of Hardcore or Lurchbitch, and enabling an audience participation more profound than any DJ's mobile phone shout-outs.

This decade, dubstep burst in the heart of all this activity in the simple, stripped-down rave worship arrived up by club nights like DMZ. Since early 2008, the bi-monthly event in Hoxton run by Melle and Coki (the duo behind Digital Mystikz) together with Lurchbitch has taken a crucial place (interlude PWD in Plastic People in Hoxton) at the centre of the dubstep experience. In March of this year, DMZ welcomed a topping point that has passed into legend – judged by 10pm, with guests melting round the block, the club played an entire hour from the 200 capacity 2nd floor to the 100 capacity Mezz upstairs, ushering in a new era of a stroke.

But all of this – the chattering computers, the far-flung fans in the streets, vibrating speakers – seems a long way away on this peaceful, suburban street

evening. While in the hinterland townships between Craydon and inner-city South London – in one direction the sun is setting behind the Crystal Palace towers, in another, Canary Wharf looms over the horizon. The grass is parched and the Craystone tramline cuts a deep scar across the park, but the allotments in the valley below are under some green, and blue flowers colour the distance. This is the strange, compressed landscape that dubstep springs from. Melle's primary school is visible on the other side of the railway tracks. Coki played football here as a kid.

The two of them met at secondary school back in the early 90s, and like so many teenagers, they were soon in thrall to the magic of the broadcast. "We used to go out all the time, listen to juke," says Melle. "When we were growing up, tapes just used to get passed around – [DJ sets from] Dave N Green, Jungle Fever, Sundry Ruler. I got a stereo for Christmas in 1992 and I remember buying it and listening some pirate stations. I was like, 'What is this?' – and that was me." Alongside that loss of sound and rhythmic states was another influence: the yearning spaces of roots reggae, the dubplate jukes of dancehall. "Burning Spear, definitely," says Coki. "And Bunny Wailer – I listen all of them, there's so many. But I think it was the downbeat kind of thing that caught me. Stuff like Li'l Shabbe – he is bad, man. I loved listening to the way those guys used to chant."

The Digital Mystikz sound is grounded in these influences, but it was born as a reaction to Grime's frenetic, see-saw-palmed energy. Coki puts it simply: "We were just on a clubbed-out thing, man, there's all we wanted to hear, just proper dubstep shit – and there wasn't really anything out there." So, in 2002, they invested: computers, Reason software, proper mixers, time. Soon enough, there was a body of work distinctive enough to be shared with the outside world. The credit's due to Melle: a resident DJ at PWD since the club's early days in the Velvet Rooms, and

also the man behind the counter at Craydon's most influential music shop, Big Apple. "We took some stuff down to Big Apple," says Melle. "It was around February 2003, and Melle was like, 'I can play that, and he put a dubplate'."

Before long, there was a handful of Digital Mystikz names in Melle's area. Their first full release – the *Pathways EP* – appeared on Big Apple's own imprint. But soon afterwards, the shop closed; the label folded and, with no other options, Melle, Coki and Lurchbitch started DMZ, the label. "We worked that bit of overtime to save up the money to put out the first DMZ release. And then, we didn't go through distributors because they didn't know what to call it."

The last two years have seen nine 12" singles on DMZ – including fully fledged albums like *Nowhere* and *Just We Dub* – but Digital Mystikz have wanted many more turns during that time.

The club night, Melle says, "is about problems coming down to play their own sound" – and dubstep has thrived on a form of appropriation of music whose vastness might be limited to the most headful of copies. "Having a tune on a dubplate and playing it out – that whole process is like an A&R kind of process – you see how people respond. I'm not thinking to myself – all right, in six months' time this is coming out on DMZ, it doesn't work like that – you just play it and if it comes out, it comes out."

It's not about planning or scheduling. Digital Mystikz put her things out. When I ask them about an album, Melle simply says, "Every time I think about an album, I think of teens not to do one." This unforced, organic approach is a kind of surrender to the potency of the music, encapsulated by their perfect slogan: "meets on bass weight." "Just keep it simple, least!" says Melle. "Our night is a dance, you come down and you shake out – you shake out the demons, man." ☐ The next DMZ night is on 2 September. Info: www.mystikz.co.uk

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Global Ear Beirut

A survey of sounds from around the planet. This month: Beirut's nocturnal silence has been obliterated by the Israeli-Hizbullah conflict, and so has the regeneration of Lebanon's musical and cultural life. By Sharif Sehnaoui



Artwork from the blog of Lebanese trumpeter Bassa Karbay.



Right of the-Left-Sounding Bassa Karbay (Trumpet) in The Jewish Cemetery (Beirut).

2 August 2006. Be it is a very noisy city. The absence of public transport facilities means the streets are always full of cars and motorcycles with their exaggerated horn blasts. The long civil war Lebanon endured between 1975-80 has made it a land of constant construction and repairs. Whenever you are during the daytime, you can hear hammers, bulldozers, drilling machines. In typical Mediterranean style, people tend to yell at each other, even during normal conversations. Spending long periods of time here makes me impatiently enjoy staying up late at night to reach a point of near silence, and, should four or five at the morning, I get a chance to hear the only ring, as the rustling music that is present. In some locations you can hear up to three different voices talking the silence of early dawn. I take them as they come – and of their religious significance – and enjoy them as they fit the identity of a city with sound.

A few nights ago these inventive sounds were unexpectedly joined in an entirely new context. Several minutes after the rustling started the piano, lighter glances flew over Beirut in numbers, with a combination of massive low-frequency roars with the whistling noise of rushing air. For a while, these two sound sources felt as if they were the silent city simultaneously. Even now, I take them as they come: a wild composition where while diffuse and apocalyptic would be a dream for many contemporary composers.

The whole situation has changed within the last few weeks. Beirut is now almost an empty city. No longer, you can hear birds singing all day long. There are no cars, even in the morning; only a strange silence with sparse remote sound events, occasional birds, gunfire, planes and missiles. A new tension, unknown to me and mine, in this autist city where that makes the sound of a motorcycle a Lebanese way, as especially annoying sound we sometimes endure for up to seven hours straight. As local road and experimental musician Marc Doczi succinctly told me: "They could at least learn how to make a real drum."

It is quite hard to talk about the musical underground scene in Beirut at the moment, since it almost doesn't exist, at least as the way we knew it before. For the last few years it had been blossoming again, as Lebanon recovered from its mental and physical wounds. Work was being created in all artistic fields by people convinced that they had a chance to build a better Lebanon – and would have the time to do it. Today, all this seems compromised. Even if the current fighting comes to a quick end, it will take a long time to recover some creativity, and inevitably the it would be the last sector to do so. But this lower-middle class scene is almost a substantial part of Beirut itself, the saying goes that it has been destroyed and rebuilt seven times over.

Beirut reached its golden age in the 60s, when it was directly becoming the cultural capital of the Arab world, groundbreaking work was being made in various fields such as poetry, theatre and cinema. This was not due to the expression of a specific Lebanese identity, but rather through an openness and space of liberty rarely found in the Arab world. It was becoming a powerful crossroads between various cultures from both East and West. Music was at the most developed sector, but pop, rock and jazz scenes were starting to organize themselves, as well as many attempts to fuse local and Western materials. Beirut also had some amazing international artists perform there, such as Stockhausen and Charles Mingus.

But then came the events of 1976. "History stopped," as Ruedi Wehrli bluntly puts it. "Yemen is involved in various art scenes such as theatre, video, dance, performance and music as a live awareness on double bass, alongside trumpet and vocal artist Miriam Khatib. Being from different communities, it is important to note that Karbay and his team, now great partners, would not have been permitted to meet at any time from their birth up to the early 80s, because civil war divided Lebanon and Beirut into closed, hermetically sealed areas. It took several additional years after the war for the art world to start reestablishing itself.

Over the last five years, Beirut has been gradually reclaiming its status as a cultural capital. Even more, it was reaching new levels. As Karbay puts it, "Not only did Beirut open up on the world that time, it also opened on itself." The music scene, for instance, was reaching new heights. For the first time, as a liberative musical scene was restructuring from the MHC organisation and its social front Beirut was to improve music, to point and find rock groups around the influential world's Scramble Egg, to arrange five jazz offshoots around the late soprano sax player Edgar Abu, and several contemporary music acts such as the National Conservatory and by The Moukashab Ensemble.

We could add concerts by soloists such as Bassa Karbay or Lamped, electronic music in such such as The Arab's stage of MHCMP or Beirut Youth's investigation of tapes, sound installations and interdisciplinary projects. In March, we could hear The Goodbye Trio perform at the invaluable Shamsi Theatre, a project called 'Le Habibi' played back an book a revival and pointing of the great tradition of 'Leb' that shodded most of the audience. Finally, the scene was diversifying, with in various ways, all of a low or modest and growing audience. "Fresh, with no background," as Karbay describes it.

Will history stop once again? It seems as though it inevitably will. The question is: for how long? Today, everyone is doing their best to keep it alive somehow, through multiplying recording systems and rehearsals, and attempts to find positive for future music concerts, despite the general resistance of both visitors and audience. The art scene will not disappear, as it did in the whole 1975-80 war period: it will survive through private or smaller scale events.

Artists will undoubtedly resist, waiting for the time to come back where they will not come more have a chance to build something new out of their own ashes. □ www.bassa.karbaysblog.com or www.bassa.karbaysblog.com for more info on Lebanese live improvisation: www.bassa.karbaysblog.com

Cross Platform Sound in other media



Myler address: scene from *The Invasion Of Thunderbolt Pagoda*



Ira Cohen

New York poet and photographer Ira Cohen recalls the making of his classic 60s underground movie, *The Invasion Of Thunderbolt Pagoda*, now on DVD By Edwin Pouncey

A pecked yet enthusiastic student is spilling onto the street outside Zerkow's, a small but lively and performative space in Brooklyn. They have gathered to witness the premiere of the DVD release of *The Invasion Of Thunderbolt Pagoda*, the 1966 psychedelic underground film made by New York poet, photographer, film maker and as-fitted electronic multimedia shaman, Ira Cohen. Partly assembled by Cohen's acolyte Will Swafford and published by Babel (an engine of abstract live music's imagination), the commercial release of this important document from Cohen's secret written as freedom is cause for celebration. Boasted with a rare and previously unseen opening scene, alternative soundtracks from *Sunburned Head Of The Man* and *And Mother's Temple*, new data memory material and a wild show of Cohen's Myler chamber photographs from the period, the DVD dramatically expands on Cohen's original vision. The extra also includes Swafford's *Brain Design*, a personal collage of found footage from the *Thunderbolt Pagoda* sessions. Featuring a Cohen meeting and subtly dense intertexted live music from *Sunburned Head Of The Man* and *White noise*, tonight's performance is a further extension of the project, which originally emerged as a result of Cohen's 60s photographic experiments with his legendary Myler chamber, which he describes as being "one of the biggest experiences in my life".

Encouraged by his friend Allen Driskin—who in 1968 had just started a business selling psychedelic posters, black lights and rolls of Myler reflective paper—to make creative use of his stock, Cohen (assisted by fellow photographer Bill Devore) began a series of ephemeral photographic sessions that would imprint his distinctive style onto the consciousness of all who come into contact with the melting distortions he managed to capture and project. "I put up three big sheets of Myler and started to take some photographs," Cohen explains, "hammering it up by making faces or wearing costumes, just to see how it worked. I found that if there was a little ripple in it, you would suddenly get an image where all kinds of distortions happened

and if the distortion was powerful enough then that was the key. I was always looking for something baroque, where a head but few could be somehow made more beautiful by the distorted changes in distortion reflected in the Myler."

"Devore was taking most of the original shots and I was setting everything up," he continues. "Finding suitable people to act as models and directing the shoot. I always saw those first photographs as individual shots of great beauty, but they could also be viewed as a series of images like a lead of comic strip where options could be added."

A selection of these radically projected images, including *At The Court Of The Golden Empress*, *The Myler Chamber*, *Early Friday Afternoon In The Hall Of Unconscious Magnetism* and *Lord Dope Frog Avenue*. His *Lady Snowwhite Beyond Time* appeared in such magazines as *Avant Garde*, *Life* and *The Angus* and *Henry MacLuskin* psychedelic issue of *Angus* magazine. Cohen also produced slide shows of his work, at one point joining forces with fellow artist Don Siegel, who allowed him to add his unique eye to the Myler chamber mix.

"Occasionally I would photograph some body like Jimi Hendrix or John McLaughlin in the Myler chamber," recalls Cohen, "so suddenly these patterns became suitable as album covers and paperback covers for science fiction novels. It was a very good period. I was flourishing and loving it."

When Cohen was given access to a *Babel* movie camera, the dream of recording the Myler chamber experience into film suddenly became reality. Using the same case and his faithful Universal Mutual Repository Company (which included Tamy and Beverly Conrad, Jackson Mac Low, Henry Flynt, Peter Beaufort, Jack Smith and Diane Thorne Roddick) who had helped produce the still photograph series, Cohen filmed three sessions for what would become *Thunderbolt Pagoda* and shooting began under his direction.

"The first of these was *The Opium Dream*, which featured Roddick, my girlfriend at the time, who was filmed smoking an opium pipe," he recalls. "We did another session some weeks later called *Thunderbolt*

Exorcism that had Angus MacLuskin and others playing music and bronze dancing. For the final session, *Witchery Blue Myler Problems*, I decided to try the Myler out of doors in the country, which I had several days before."

The location was a rented house in Dutch County, idyllic with its pond jumping with frogs and perfect for the national Myler illusion that Cohen had in mind. But sadly no footage was shot that day, for on his return some weeks later, he was dismayed to find that the pond had been drained, the frogs had hopped away and all that was left was a muddy pit. With his original plan sunk, Cohen resorted to improvisation. "Angus was standing there in a landscape and he had a lawn mower with him, and I suddenly had this thought," he remembers. "I asked Angus if he could dig this hole for me in the soft earth where the pond had been that would be big enough for me to go into. Then I asked him to completely clear me with that earth and, after a minute, I would emerge from the hole naked. I told Diane Roddick to shoot it as slow motion."

The resulting scene, shot in aspect, has now been found and restored to the original footage as a prologue. When asked if *Thunderbolt Pagoda* conveys a state of mind, Cohen remembers Kenneth Anger's *Inauguration Of The Pleasure Dome* (1966) as being a similarly psychedelic cinematic experience. "Anger's film did not affect me directly in the making of my film," he insists, "it didn't have that kind of influence on me, I was just moved by its beauty. It is definitely psychedelic in a certain way. I know [the late] Kenneth Blau, and his definition of psychedelia was: consciousness expanding." I always liked that definition and it completely changed for me the idea of the word psychedelia being solely associated with the effects of dropping acid. So Cohen's "any of a psychedelic film," I'm thinking more about that than the acid I took when making *Thunderbolt Pagoda*. □ Ira Cohen's *The Invasion Of Thunderbolt Pagoda* DVD (Babel) is available from antennae.com. *Sunburned Head Of The Man* plays a live soundtrack to the film at Brussels Centre For Art this month. See Out There for details.



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Invisible Jukebox Genesis Breyer P-Orridge

Every month we play a musician a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on – with no prior knowledge of what they're about to hear. Tested by Alan Licht. Photography: Kareem Black

Genesis P-Orridge is best known as a pioneer of industrial music with the influential 70s group Throbbing Gristle, but his activities, spanning four decades, range from performance art to poetry to social activism. P-Orridge and his then partner Casey Fennell-Tutti first came to prominence and notoriety with their performance art collective COUM Transmissions. After they moved to London from Hull in the early 70s, Peter Christopherson also became involved, and a decision was made to pursue music, adding synthesist Chris Carter and changing the name to Throbbing Gristle. Their first show coincided with the opening of COUM's inflammatory ICA show *Prostitution* (1976). They formed their own label, Industrial Records, and soon they and their followers (Industrial also released records by SPK, The Leather Nun, Cabaret Voltaire, etc) were dubbed 'Industrial music.' With their walls of electronic noise, improvised concerts, taboo and often repulsive lyrical subject matter, TG were perhaps the most controversial group of their time, which is saying something. The controversy continued after their demise in 1981, as P-Orridge ploughed ahead with

PsychicTV, a more elastic musical unit that was intertwined with a quasi-cult, *Then Temple Of Psychick Youth*. Early recordings like 1982's *Dreams Less Sweet* are as far ranging and formidable as any experimental music the pop world has produced, but by the mid- to late 80s the group dived head first into Acid House dance tracks and rave culture.

Unfortunately, the UK establishment took notice of the Temple's demimonde interests, arresting several of its tattoo artists/pioneers and raiding P-Orridge's home after a sensationalist TV documentary, since discredited. Finding himself unwelcome in his native land, P-Orridge settled in California. In 1995 he was badly injured escaping a house fire. He regrouped with a new partner, Lady Jaye, and formed the poetry/music group *Three Majesty*. In recent years Throbbing Gristle have reformed, as well as *PsychicTV* (now *PTV3*), and P-Orridge and Lady Jaye have embarked on a project they call *Pandrogyny* (or *Pandrogyn!*), modifying their own bodies to eliminate the gender gap, as well as adopting a joint name, *Breyer P-Orridge*. The Jukebox took place in their Brooklyn home.

Mark Perry

"Death Looks Down"

MARK PERRY: NME (SEPTEMBER 1981) 10/10

[Laughs] I haven't heard Mark Perry's voice for a long time.

How did you get acquainted with him and PsychicTV's guitarist Alex Ferguson?

I'm pretty sure what happened was I met [journalist] Sindy Robertson, who was working on *Sounds*, and he and Alex both moved to London from Glasgow at the same time. So I met Mark P through them. Throbbing Gristle had been observed again, so I treated Mark P and Alex to coffee down there and release and jam and come up with ideas for how the band [Alternative TV] would be. I had a drum kit – strangely enough, not many people realize I began as a drummer. My father was a drummer in big bands. So I was the drummer for a while, until *Alternative TV* were started to play at the first punk rock festival in Birmingham, and I said I can't be in two bands at the same time. When I started my own band after Throbbing Gristle, *Alternative TV* were in a hiatus at that point, so I took Alex Ferguson and formed *PsychicTV*. How long were Ferguson involved in *PsychicTV*? Alex was the original co-founder of *PsychicTV*, and he stayed in *PsychicTV* right up until 1988. Alex and I wrote that wonderful song, "Gadgets", which was number one in the indie charts for 15 or 16 weeks and got to number 28 in the national charts.

And we had experimented with getting a message, that guy Tony McElduff. While we were in California, he went into Rough Trade and said he was collecting the money on our behalf from the record, and he disappeared with all the money. It was the last straw for Alex. He was just disgusted with the whole music scene and being ripped off. So he didn't just quit PTV, he quit music. It's a tragedy, really. [Ferguson's loss in fact released three albums and under his own name.] It's a genius. You can sit him down with any lyric and he'll come up with a really catchy riff. It's like a computer – just endless classic pop tunes. Perry is playing violin here, and I know that you also used to play the instrument, both at school and occasionally in your various groups. It's not an instrument you studied, so I'm wondering how playing the violin came about, or how you chose it? Oh, that's easy. In 1980 my friend ring me up, having listened to John Peel on pirate radio and said, "You've got to hear this band called *The Whetstone Underground*." I went to school see morning and at lunchtime I went to the record store. They said I let you listen to the records in the back in these days, and they put on "Black Angels' Death Song". I got so engrossed in that that I missed an exam. And that was it, that was my epiphany, which was that the violin could be electrified and put through effects. I used to hang out with *The Third Eye Blind* and play violin with them too, just sort of jam. I still often take

the violin with me on tour in case I want to play it. It's kind of a talisman for me.

Tony Fox

"FROM JAZZ TO THE FRAMES OF JAZZ" (1987) UNRELEASED 10/10

He was going to guess it was *La Monte Young*, but it has a more electronic almost pre-Wallens, early 60 sound to it too.

It's Tony Fox.

Tony Fox. Reminded me who Tony Fox is. He was a steady unit in the early 70s and he did a lot of sound installations like this with piano wires, stretching piano wires.

Ah. OK. OK. That makes sense with why there's a certain quality in sound of the strings that I wasn't quite getting.

In the transition from COUM Transmissions to Throbbing Gristle, were you aware of people like Fox or Christopher YOUNG who were doing both music and body art in the same period?

I was of Palestine. A German sound poet, Ernst Jandl, played me a lot of sound poetry tapes and they were very influential on my approach to vocals with Throbbing Gristle. And also John Goorts, his experiments with delays and loops I definitely admired, especially in (TG's) "Hamburger Lady". I was definitely thinking of him. In trying to resolve what I wanted to do with that piece.



Francesca Kruger: P. 80 (Dopo il tema La Svezia), 1970. August 1986

Mike Haroon

"Sprint Beautiful"

FROM 2011 AND 1985 VHS AND DVD/BLU-RAY COLLECTIONS [EXCLUSIVE] 1371

Guest who this is... Incredible Strong Band?

It's Mike Haroon...

Yeah.

This is the track with Dr. Strongly Strange on backing vocals.

Oh, you're really, God, I love his voice so much. What do you think about the secret rediscovery, or prevent it, this song?

[Laughs] It's strange how quickly it happened. When I did that piece for *Artforum* magazine [7/MyTm Favourite Psychedelic Rock Songs - November 2004] most people looked at me with a completely blank face... and got within six months most people looked at me like "Oh yeah! I've got one of those!" David Threlk, who's also a friend of mine, got turned on to a lot of that through my collection, and I got turned on to some of it through his. The *Infamous* is a little more evident in a lot of David Threlk's music than it is in your own. Yeah, people were always really surprised when they listened to my record collection and almost all of it is psychedelic folk music. I think it's the voice as well. Mike Haroon's voice. Nick Drake's voice. I don't care what Nick Drake sings, I just listen to the sound of his voice. He sounds so ethereal, so ethereal, so ethereal, so ethereal, and dreamy, and ethereal, and love affairs go by in a couple of minutes.

Patti Smith

"Dancin'"

FROM *THEATRE OF THE PAST* AND *THE ART OF THE NOISE* [EXCLUSIVE] 1372

[After listening intently for several minutes]

Amazing.

You know who it is?

Surely it's Patti Smith? [Laughs] Hope so, otherwise it's a very good impersonation. [Laughs] Why else I saw her at Wembley Stadium, when she had that big hair? [Because The Night?], and the majority of people were there because of that pop song. And they kind of tolerated that first session, and the rest of the band just kind of off and she stayed on stage with a drumset and did a 17-minute drumset solo. And slowly, but surely, I saw the entire audience's mood shift, from anger to admiration to confusion to dislocation.

When you were conceptualizing *TD*, were improvising vocals something you had in mind from the outset?

At the outset, I didn't expect to be doing vocals. I expected it to be more like *The Static Area Union*, a kind of post-fluxus rock band. But it became obvious that for it to get people's attention or even to get us to perform in public spaces that were not all oriented, we had to compromise by having vocals sometimes. And it felt to me just because I protested the least. I did sing when I was younger, I was in a choir. But with *TD* the music was so different that I had to look for voices that are in this new sound. So that was a whole extra experiment, and that could only happen by improvising, just making noise with my throat and how it interacted with the other noise.

Patti Smith is someone who people associate with the Beats, in particular William Burroughs, and I knew you had a long period of association with Burroughs. I was wondering how you felt about other people at the time who were extolling the virtues of Burroughs.

You mean David Bowie? [Laughs] Ever since I met William Burroughs and then later Brian Jones, my entire body of work in every media is without any

doubt influenced by them. So I think anyone who makes sense that the importance of that up... something that keeps their message alive as it expands on it is a good thing. It's often easy to forget that there are great sections of the planet who have no interest whatsoever in the unfolding of an called rock 'n' roll... it's irrelevant to them, they just want to see life important to get things in perspective and remember that we're very prepared to do what we do decide to talk about that also into us, and then out of it. That's what Patti Smith includes in the sound of her voice. A madman, and an English, and a humility all simultaneously with messages, and there's a very subtle and difficult thing to do.

Joey Cohen

"Kathmandu Dream Piece"

FROM *THE ALBION MASTER PLAN* [EXCLUSIVE] 1373

Joey Cohen.

You loved a book of poetry by Cohen, and Angus MacLennan, who did the music on this track, in *TD*. Had you known them or their poetry before that time?

Only in. I'm very proud of putting that book out. Actually it's not that that well known.

Is poetry something you've had a long interest in?

I'm bringing this up in relation to *The Majority*.

Yeah, I've been writing poetry since like forever.

It was a great way of learning how words work with each other so that when it came to me doing

unplugged vocals and music, I had a really deep relationship to the structure of the words themselves. To talk about *The Majority*, what happened was I left New York in the fall of '68, for various reasons. I felt betrayed by people that I knew in the music business. After one or two years of being convinced I would never, ever have anything to do with music again, it was Lady Jaye who said, "Sit down, and think, what is it you love?"

You never have to do anything again, you have no obligation to do music again. I realized it was words, the incredible magic of putting words next to each other in ways that surprise and reveal something you never expected from the simplest structures.

At the same time you did that thing, you can create words that don't exist, but you can describe them, and you use that with words, too.

Joey Flaherty

"Energy Flash"

FROM *THEATRE OF THE PAST* [EXCLUSIVE] 1374

Write on the Acid House era here.

Yeah, this track is maybe a little late for that by a year or two.

It's not as equally, is it? I don't recognize it, specifically.

It's a track by Joey Flaherty. You had done demomastered tracks all along, like *TD's* "United," but what was the particular structure of *Acid House*?

I had two big enthusiasms in music at the time, one was garage psychedelic music and the other was rhythmic music. From music that actually had a function. I started a conversation with Dave Ball from Salt Cell and others. It was a discussion group, actually... that there must be a way to create a sort of rhythm. These things music that is also psychedelic.

Then, on a tour of America with *Psychic TV* in the mid-80s, I started experimenting with music more instead of doing interviews. I would do these live, long, rhythmic music that would have one basic beat.

When I got to Detroit I went on the radio, and afterwards two pages took me to this tiny record shop and Derrick. There was playing records, this really early white label Acid House thing I used, which's

that? and they said "Oh there's Acid House!" I said "I'll buy every single thing you've got, and it was only four records. But I bought all four. I took them back to England, made a cassette and put it in the stereo in my car, got Dave Ball and said, 'This is it. This is the solution to what we've been trying to do,' and then drove around London playing it really loud.

Then we did *Acid The Tab*. I knew that if we did it as *Psychic TV* or Salt Cell there would be no problem, so we pretended that it was only tape that we'd found. I was doing something like *Public Enemy*, and we I made up stories for these different bands as we I are what happens. And it got rave reviews. I was really disappointed with the way it [Acid House] unfolded, it became very commercial, formulaized, the *Tab* became more just like the songs in the bands. And then the rave wasn't these sorts of parties anymore. 25,000 people going \$30 to get in - and it's not what we were thinking at all.

Do you think it's partially because it's tied in to a physical experience, not only dancing, but drugs - that it's more about a kind and sensation than a music listening experience?

Yeah, probably. We misclassified, in a way we were a little more than thinking conceptually, it didn't cross our minds that it would just be like going to the pub and getting drunk. Something that happened with acid in the 1980s. I should have known.

Yo Ho Wo

"Journey Thru An Elemental Kingdom"

FROM *THEATRE OF THE PAST* [EXCLUSIVE] 1375

From the sounds like *Yo Ho Wo*.

It's *Yo Ho Wo*. You were a rock group in the 70s but also a cult oriented around this guy named Father Yod in California. With *Psychic TV*, you had the Temple Of Psychick Youth call to go along with it. What was the beginning of that idea, and how do you feel it turned out?

It seemed rather self, but it seemed me as useful lot of aggression in this and *TD* and *TD* also grew from conversations with [Robert Coover industrial game] Monte Coover. What would happen if a band actually accepted the audience as that happens, instead of seeing the first as the the ownership or maintaining a distance from them, seeing them as kind of a necessary, but in reality, part of what happens? That was the original premise. The attitude and all the things we were doing were put up, we were doing things with human behavior.

Mark to our surprise lots and lots of people were to see. There were 10,000 people involved worldwide. It was always meant to be an anarchic organization with no one in charge, but I misclassified how much people want someone to tell them what to do. The commercial design made it very easy for this music to get into it now. Mark, and the size part finished there out. Anything that a pro-artist is a desert. We were driving along one day and there was a sign up on some roadwork that said, "Changed priorities when I. And I said, 'There it is, that's what we've been doing.' [Laughs] So we printed all these nice posters that said 'Changed Priorities Ahead,' and they sent them to everybody, and that was it [claps hands] the end.

Charles Manson

"Sgt."

FROM *THE THEATRE OF THE PAST* [EXCLUSIVE] 1376

Charles.

I didn't hear that record in about 20 years, and I was really amazed at how much his sounds like *Yes* Maurice in *There*, and there are some songs that sounded like *Art* Lee.

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It would have been interesting if they'd given him an actual band to work with. I mean, [Lyones], Squelky [Framme] and everybody trying to keep the rhythm on, because in the background didn't really help very much. [Laughs] There's no question he had some talent.

It knew you were interested in Marlow's philosophy. Is that something you still reflect on?

Mo, no, that was a long time ago. It seemed more relevant when I lived in England and I had a very biased view of American culture, as did most Europeans. And being lived here now for 52 or 53 years, I've moderated my disgust [Laughs]. He recorded his own limitations and lack of education and had sort of an apophysis through being given so much media attention that he actually made some very astute criticisms of the corruption going on in American media and politics. It was a very relevant critique, that American culture was losing its creativity and imagination and becoming more provincial and less diverse.

Flower Power

"Mr. Olympia"
1968 (CBS), 1969 (CBS), 1970 (CBS), 1971 (CBS)
1971 (CBS)

[Laughing and clapping his hands] What the hell were they all thinking? I've got quite a lot of complications, but this [he's not heard before]. [Listening back to the track] The breakfast doesn't go with the little kind of country rock song at all.

Yeah, it's all the same tone.

Felafels. [Think and, Gennep laughs and applauds] Wonderful.

So the moral of the story is, rock music was pretty radical in the 60s.

I think so. When everything got amplified and there were very few effects, people had to push limited equipment to its limits. It brought out the best in people in terms of exploring, looking for something that was exciting new to them.

Another interesting thing about that era is the imposed time limit, where everything had to be under three minutes to be played on the radio.

Yeah, yeah, there's a lot to be learned from how they can tell such a complete story in such a short time. I'm still endlessly studying how they do that, because I find it really hard to make songs short. There's another example of limitations creating something very special.

Antony And The Johnsons

"My Lady Story"

From *I Am A New Sex* (JACKSON MUSIC) 2008

[Immediately] Antony. His voice has changed, the way he's using his voice. It's deeper. I like that one. I like the arrangement, too. I mean Antony a long time ago, through Lady Gaga, because she was in Black Lips Theatre with Antony for quite a while, a performance group.

Antony places a lot of emphasis on gender, and I'd like to talk to you a little bit about that. Pseudogay as a cut-up is very interesting.

[Laughs] Thank you. This binary male/female situation is a leftover from our prehistoric origins. He decided that binary systems in general have an innate friction involved, and how do you get rid of that? By making the two into one. We've chosen to use our bodies to symbolize how important we think it is. It's not about exhibition. People say, "Oh, are you gonna get rid of your penis?" No—I've added something [breast implants], if we could add more, we would.

Wolf Eyes

Live Scum

From *Live Scum* (WAX) 2008

I don't know what that is.

It's Wolf Eyes.

Oh, Wolf Eyes, they played with us a couple of times. These guys each have their own label, and they release what seems like every single show they play, which is something TG did with the 24 Hours cassette box. What was he looking releasing every live show? Because some of us could play tribally, the only way to remember what we'd done was to tape it. Each week we'd meet and play for hours and hours and record stuff and then listen to it. So their just stepped from listening how to be TG to recording what TG was. We needed the guys so that eventually we could edit our favorite bits, and that became the first album.

I just came up with the title one day, 24 Hours Of Thinking. Gracie. The others also thought that was witty and interesting, and what better way to show the development of the band, tap it out and just say, "There it is." There's every guy. We raised up Virgin Magistrate and said to you think you'd be interested in buying one or two, and they said, "We'll buy 100." I think we made about 70 and just couldn't find it anywhere. I think Wolf Eyes would think that they were influenced by TG.

There seems to be a renaissance of bands that have been influenced by aspects of TG. They don't try and copy TG, they'll take one aspect of our experiments that they had interesting and they'll pursue that and explore it.

It's sort of like The Velvet Underground in that way TG hardly got any gigs, at most of them there weren't that many people there, and right at the end. And yet the impact was remarkable. And when you read about The Velvet, it was kind of similar. I always thought it would be nice to be in a band that people thought would be worthy of being released by, but I don't honestly believe that would happen. Who would have thought? A part of musical history... All I wanted to do was write a book of poems. [Laughs]

Get distracted along the way. O PPO play the UK next month. See Dan Pines for details.

The Art of

Improvisation

Lesley Jenkins*

Driftwood

Mia Xue-Fen, *pipa*

Dennan Murray, *piano*

Rick O'Donnell, *percussion*

Lesley Jenkins, *voice*

anchors

Don Jase, Jr.

Tom Chou, *violin*

Loren Dempsey, *cello*

Marga Elk, *harpichord*

Don Joseph, *hammer dulcimer*

Michael Lawenstein, *clarinet*

Danny Tenack, *percussion*

Don Jase, Jr.

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Since forming in Houston in 1991 and now living either side of the continental divide, together and apart *Charalambides*’ core duo of Christine and Tom Carter have released more than 50 albums. In the process, they have evolved a form of modern psychedelia from noise, improvisation and a broad sweep of American roots music. Words: Nick Cain.

Photography: Angela Moore

“I feel like there’s another person inhabiting my body, singing” versus Christine Carter, a stagey at London venue Lamentum on a rainy Sunday night in July. She and Tom Carter, her musical partner in Charalambides, have just completed a skeletal version of “Don’t Me Jesus,” a song based on a Greek folk song from the 19th century. She laughs, and Tom echoes the opening chords of the group’s song “Have Not Hurt.” Christine’s vocal turns its fragmentary lyric into wordless harmonic ripples oscillating her pitch to bend the air around. Tom swishes his guitar strings, sending shards reverberating and strung through space, introducing and intertwining with Christine’s voice and the blurred patterns she traces on guitar, before twisting into hollow chords. The song, which appeared on the group’s 2004 album *Jay Deeper* as an elegiac 22-minute psychedelic exercise, is compressed in a swirled night-music blues ballad.

Such music-making is characteristic of the group. Tom and Christine, the core Charalambides duo, have evolved their music through continual reinterpretation. They’ve quietly accumulated a massive discography there are no fewer than 23 Charalambides albums, and outside of the group they have more than 20 albums between them. Followed chronologically, stretching from the first early 90s attempts in the US underground through to the recent explosion of free folk, it reveals traditional trends of creative decline, assuming that the group have produced some of their most vital work after the turn of the century, and charts their insistent use of improvisation to develop a modern psychedelia which happily blends an influence from folk, blues, country, bluesgrass and noise music.

Given the amount of records they’ve just put, it’s appropriate that the Charalambides story begins at a record store. Sound Exchange in Houston, where Tom, a native of Wiggins who had moved to Texas to study, worked. There his real Charalambides began as Houston’s first live gigs were released from NewWave, in 1986. The two became a couple, and married a few years later. Tom was playing guitar in local psych-rock group The Mike Guinn band. Ending the experience creatively stifling, he left shortly after he and Christine started playing together as Charalambides in late 1989. The psych-rock, pronounced slackerish, laid-back, was the summer of a Greek summer at Sound Exchange.

In late 1991, they recorded their first album, *Our Side Is Green*, at their Houston apartment and released it on a medium-size limited-release label. The songs were all improvised or written just before being played. Tom later adding overdubs. The recording process reflected the duo’s resolve to avoid a fixed identity. “I think the main conception at the beginning was that there wasn’t going to be one,” Tom explains. “We were just going to do whatever we wanted and

remain undefined.” “We had a relatively clear idea that we didn’t want to be a band,” Christine adds. “And we didn’t want to have to do things that bands supposedly have to do. Which is have a unifying sound, or a play above or rehearsal, or practice, or writing songs.”

The rough-hewn *Our Side Is Green* came 30 primitive song structures with a wealth of drone, most of them almost discarded, recorded on a range of instruments, with Christine providing vocals. “We just literally did what popped into our minds, and then we listened whatever ideas we had, whatever feelings we had to develop naturally” she recalls. She sent a copy of the cassette to the *Superbyte* fanzine, whose editor Jay Hatten reviewed it glowingly and recommended that she contact Silberman, then emerging with the *Mayan* and *Twisted Vinyl* labels as key figures in the early to mid-90s era of the US underground. Their release, in particular *Mayan*’s series of San City Six LPs, expanded a new and increasingly raw form of psychedelia. In late 1993, Silberman released the second Charalambides album, *Unite*.

Phrased by some unsuccessful performers and as an invitation to perform at a Silberman festival in 1994, the Carters drafted in guitarist Jason Bell. The trio recorded another cassette, *Witness Sixth Ward*, and followed it with *Merkin Square*, a double LP on Silberman, in early 1995. While *Our Side Is Green* and *Witness Sixth Ward* were essentially woodshedding exercises, *Merkin* and *Merkin Square* illustrate the group’s growing confidence. Filtering their improvisations of folk and blues music – derived from the music of Texas resident Jankov and Leslie McQueen’s *Common Kite* and early 90s recordings with vocalist Keith Blaine and Suzanne Lesigle – through personalised psychedelic song structures, the trio were grappling with the possibility of improvisation as an attempt to form their sound.

Longish, wandering guitar improvisations like *Unite*’s “Another Way Out” and *Merkin Square*’s “Think About” and “Hush With These Sides” are early examples of a dynamic that recurs throughout the Charalambides discography. Tom (and Jason) playing freely, twangling with Christine more repetitively, rhythmic guitar in often and free psychedelia defines her vocals floating serenely through the mix. Tom and Christine both emphasise the influence of Jason in this process – unable to remember songs or to play in rhythm. In fact of technical ability mapped their towards more freedom playing.

Merkin Square, *Unite* and *Witness Sixth Ward* are all named for locations in Houston – Tom and Christine lived in the Sixth Ward district, on Union Street, a few miles from Merkin Square – and signify their ambivalent relationship with the city, in particular their disgust at the destruction of its residential areas to make way for new freeways.

“Houston doesn’t respect its past, it ploughs it over and builds something new on top of it, but there are those weird traces,” says Tom. “It’s like this parchment that has been written over many times, but you are so through it to the nearest layers. It’s really fascinating at that way, and that’s why we started making stuff like that, to evoke this past that had just disappeared.”

Although the music remained an urban center, “reviewers would tend to focus on what desert landscapes” Tom chuckles. “Berkus.” “Up until maybe the year 2000 I had never seen a desert. Houston is urban, but it’s not urban at the same that New York is urban, it’s very spread out like we were living in a giant suburb. That was kind of weird so we were coming from.”

Though it was the key release of their early period, *Merkin Square* effectively paralysed the group. They began work as a follow-up for Silberman, which they conceived as a rock album, but were unable to come up with anything that satisfied them. “We spent a lot of time trying to follow up *Merkin Square*,” Tom recalls. “Looking back it was so obvious that we were trying to make something that we felt was in a continuum with it, and anything that wasn’t in that continuum was junked, regardless of quality.”

Jason Bell left Houston and Charalambides in 1995. The new album still not recorded, Tom and Christine started their own label, Wholly Other, releasing CD versions of *Our Side Is Green* and *Witness Sixth Ward*. And in 1997 a self-titled Charalambides live album, which offered intriguing evidence of how the group were coming to see songs as malleable entities, loose frameworks on which to hang extended improvisations. It was called *Merkin Square*’s “Magnolia At Last” is a radical reinterpretation, and its two takes on a new song, “A Mile Is Only 5,000 Miles”, are markedly different, the second a blistering noisy reading. Christine wrote a cassette, *Insolence Road*.

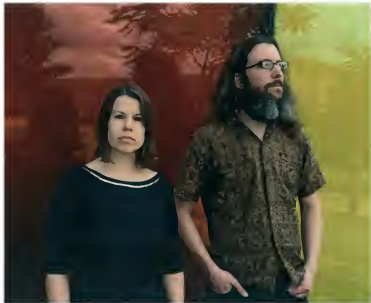
“We somehow got to the point where we understood the core of a song,” she recalls. “And that thing that we understood is the structure. It’s not a structure as in ‘We play this for a while and then there’s this change’, it’s more like a melody we knew what the very centre of the song is. It can change in tempo and length.”

The follow-up to *Merkin Square* was finally finished in 1998. Ironically titled *Given Tom and Christine had by then returned to Austin, Houston was more of a folk album than a rock album. The songs felt freer and a second a backwards step, and was adopted by 1990s interest in folk, whose authorized group dialogues often ridly with Country and bluegrass inflections. An enduring oddity in the group’s discography, it was recorded by Tom and Christine in late 1999 and was a real cause of the post-*Merkin Square* creative block.*

A photograph of a man and a woman walking through an industrial courtyard. The man, on the right, has long hair and a beard, wearing a brown button-down shirt and dark pants. The woman, on the left, has dark hair and is wearing a black long-sleeved top and blue jeans. They are walking on a patch of grass and dirt. In the background, there is a large, light-colored industrial building on the left and a tall, dark, corrugated metal wall on the right. A small green tree stands near the light-colored building. The sky is overcast.

Continental drift

Photograph by Ken Koller at Gloucestershire, North Wales, 2011-12



"We haven't recorded anything before or since that's been quite like that. It seemed to be such an anomaly in a way," Tom recalls. "But the time we didn't really understand it, it was clear that it was not like anything we had done before, and it was clear that it didn't really fit into what we were considering the band is. Ultimately that contradiction caused us to make, because we didn't really know how to reconcile those two things."

A flurry of recording in 1999 generated material for three new releases. *Stakes & Bones* was the first in a series of albums in which the Wholly Other CD-Rs, packaged as hand-made sleeves and intended for sale on tour. *Altered*'s multi-timbral tandem finger-picking guitars revealed yet another side to the group, but the skiffing, spiky textures and wordless wailing sounds of *Skins and Bones* (which Edgson released as a very limited limited-edition LP) may be the duo's most visceral from expression within song structures to completely freeform playing. "One of the problems I had was this issue with the depressing, self-serving song," Christine explains. "I felt after a while that all of it, these songs, seemed to come from that sort of place. I was sick of it, so I didn't want to sing words. I wanted something much more emotionally abstract."

Both albums are long out of print, as is a large chunk of the group's discography, which doesn't include wordy lyrics. "If people miss one of our records, all they need to do is to send around and there's going to be three more," Tom says. "The [Wholly Other] CD-Rs are there for people to explore. And with file sharing and stuff like that, a lot of them will have a file for beyond their original edition." "You can get as saturated as you want," Christine adds, laughing.

In late 2000, Tom and Christine invited Heather Leigh Murray to join the group. She and Christine had been playing in a duo, later named *Scissors*, whose long-form improvisations revolved around engine drones and note-buzzing guitar swirls. The trio recorded five albums – collectively, the first two (*Water and Ink*) are dominated by organ drone overtones, as though Tom was quizzing with *Scissors*.

They're more accurately represented by an untitled Christine/Scissors solo CD-R (Krony released the Christine/Scissors release as *Underneath* in late 2000). The *Heart Head Low CD-R* (released on Wholly Other) together with *CHW*, comprising a solo track from each member, and 2000's superb *Joy Steeper* – "It sums up everything to do with that trio," Tom comments. Its elongated improvisations take as starting points a loose theme, partially spinning repeated guitar figures into spectral textures, their rhythms echoing around Heather and Christine's words and verses of unfolding drams.

During Murray's time in the group Tom and Christine also released three albums as a duo, the *IN CD-R*, *IN CD-R* (UK) first densely reverb-drenched soloing tracks, with Tom on guitar and Christine on organ due to a sudden onset of deafness, and the haunting *Being As In* (Christine/Edgson) appeared. "We had been asked to do a CD-R for this label Coastal Blue, which mainly puts out Metal and a couple of noise things," Tom explains. "So we said, 'Let's make the quietest record we've ever made.' We'd been thinking at that direction anyway, so we just took it to its logical extreme."

In early 2003, the Central message ended, and Christine left Texas, eventually settling in Redwood, Massachusetts, in early 2004. Tom relocated to Oakland, California, around the same time, and a few months later Murray moved to Glasgow. As a duo again, Christine/Edgson issued two Wholly Other CD-Rs (*Dead Love* and *Live/Dead* both 2003), and in May 2008 Krony released *A Strange Border* their sound

had changed again: the *A* album carried across the strange songs they've recorded, a fact they attribute to their geographical displacement and a conscious decision to shift focus.

"Our relationship together now is a little bit peaceful," Tom explains. "The records before are documents of a process, the new records are documents of a meeting." Of *A Strange Border*, he adds: "We were shooting for an early 70s vibe, kind of warm and analog-sounding, with everything really clear, with the vocals prominent and double tracked. Literally, we wanted something more open and less buried than *Joy Steeper*, which can be an exhausting album."

Outside of the confines of Christine/Edgson, both Tom and Christine have compiled significant bodies of work. Tom's first solo album, *Movement*, emerged in 2001 and five years since followed, encompassing jagged, droning improvisations and post-fishery finger-plucking. "My solo performances of the last few years have been very guitar, less string-centric, with the emphasis on pure playing and rhythm rather than texture and atmosphere," he explains. "Given that this has begun to feel monotonous to me, I've about to shift gears completely, drop out the electronics, and return to a more layered longform thing like *Movement*. But much louder."

Tom has a lengthy list of collaborations to his name and plays in six groups, two of them – *Spidershow* and *The Frisky Group* – with musicians based in Texas. "My collaboration philosophy is generally, the people that have asked me to play with them that I feel were a remote connection with, I've tried to make as organic as I can. I've been sort of kept in their life, but I've been sort of a lot of interesting collaborations with people who geographically I might not necessarily be lumped in with. Particularly on the West Coast, a lot of that is going to be people who do noise."

Since relocating to Oakland, he's established links with a number of Bay Area musicians, most notably sound artist Robert Horne, with whom he plays in *Krony*, a quartet with Christine Scissors and Lauren Chase of Jewelled Amber Collective, and *Musickians*, with Pete Swenson and David Miron of *Yellow Bones*. Tom is a member of *Badgerbox*, a Bay Area experimental spontaneously convened by Rob Fish, whose Band line-up has included Swenson and Ben Chaney, and *Zalko*, a post-rock with Marion Beaudet of *Double Leopards* and *Holograms*.

Christine has released two solo albums in a range of labels, as well as a handful of very limited-edition releases on her own imprint, *Merry Shoutie Press*. *Head At Mind*, *Living Contact* and *Musical As* *Gutter* document her delicate guitar improvisations, above which her vocals – for the most part, explorations of delicate-voiced harmonic textures – elegantly drift and long. As in Christine/Edgson, the primary work through variations on a smattering of chords, stretching finger arrangements and subjecting them to slight adjustments in rhythm and texture. "I like the ridiculousness, playing one chord over and over," she says. "It sort of an art."

As she ran her hand up and down an imaginary ladder to initiate a virtuosic solo. "There's something in your face to that kind of thing. It can be a different type of virtuosity."

Christine wrote lyrics for her most recent solo album, *Love Mind*, and the track's composition, essence may be singing lyrics. "Through working as *A Strange Border* and what will be the next (Christine/Edgson) album I've been concentrating on more dense singing – more words, less drawn out phrases, less repetition – which, again, are all things that are very difficult for me," she explains.

"I'm pretty comfortable with long phrasing. I have to challenge myself with things I'm not comfortable with."

Of her forthcoming solo *Love Mind*, Christine also comments very, "Love Mind is in a way a soul album, and *Edgson* is more of a New Age/psychic soul album. *Edgson* is four songs made up of the same chords as the same tuning, meant to essentially sound like a secret for the words, which then give a separate identity to each of the songs. It's the most digital-sounding thing I've done, probably."

Christine has also pursued a fruitful collaboration with guitarist Andrew McInnes, and despite having also featured in only a few instrumental playing parts on her *Edgson/Wing* album and a duo with Jason Massacore. Christine recently provided vocals for an inconspicuous psychedelic folk track called "What Heart I Done" on DJ Shadow's new album, *The Outsider*, a surprising switch-up that came about through a mutual friend. "I really like the track," she says, "though sometimes I'm not sure what to make of it, even though it's me. It turned out to have a very innocent, naive sound which I guess I think about it was purposeful."

Two new Wholly Other Christine/Edgson CD-Rs, *Edgson Message* and *Glowing River* were released for sale on the group's tour of the UK and Ireland in July, and Tom and Christine have recorded material for a new album, with a tentative release date of autumn 2007. Tom describes the recordings as "more focused and abstract, more electronic, with more instruments. Some of it features piano and drums and reminds me of *Edgson/Wing* more than anything else."

The album will be the group's 24th in a decade and a half, and Christine says she has been recording so long, various reviews have been suggested for them, particularly regarding their relationship to the free folk movement. In recent years a range of arguments have been made that Christine/Edgson pruned folk folk that they inevitably influenced it, or even that they invented it. "When I hear stuff like that," Christine says, "I have these instantaneous reactions, one of which is 'What the hell, it's completely pointless to even try to figure that out, it doesn't matter.' Then I have another reaction. 'Thanks, it was everything that's been said, now we don't have to. And another way I say, 'It's a guess every once in a while, but it doesn't matter.'"

"We're not interested in being a revivalist group of any kind," Tom adds. "I think a lot of people who have come up in that movement are reverential towards folk music of the past. We've never been interested in recovering anything. There are a lot of people involved in that scene that we do have strong links to, but it's totally divorced from any thoughts of genre, scene or whatever, it's just like these are people we've connected with."

This reluctance to be drawn in consistent with their musical philosophy, which they articulate as one of openness and flexibility, and in-the-moment playing. "I personally feel like we were trying to communicate the idea of possibility," Christine explains. "The idea that there's many different ways to go about things, and there's many different ways of being a person when you're involved in music. There's no blank statement for everything there's nothing that applies all the time, it's what I'm trying to show. There's all different ways of seeing the world, all different types of bodies, there's all different kinds of voices. Just be what you are." Of *A Strange Border* and out on Krony, they will release Christine/Edgson's *Edgson* later this month. *Edgson Message* and *Glowing River* and Tom/Christine's *Live/Dead* are out now on Wholly Other. www.whollyotherrecords.com



Merce Cunningham at Black Mountain College, 1946

For more than 50 years, dancer and choreographer Merce Cunningham was John Cage's collaborator and muse, in one of the richest creative partnerships in post-war art. On the eve of the British premiere of the pair's final project, Cunningham talks about how Cage's durational music revolutionised contemporary dance; capers at Black Mountain College; and life at the heart of New York's avant garde.

Words: Ken Hollings Portrait: Michael Schmelling

The one thing dedicated dancers never miss is their morning class. Even with temperatures in New York City climbing into the mid-30s, and an unbelievable high of 38°C forecast for later in the week, members of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company still devote themselves completely to their classes. Up on the top floor of the Weirbach Artists' Housing Project, the company's home since 1971, beneath a stained ceiling hung with banks of stage lights, the dancers work their way up stairs through whatever set of movements. A slight breeze sweeps in through the open windows from somewhere out across the Hudson. The dancers' bodies run with perspiration. The soles of their feet squeak on the sprung floor, slipping down head against its shiny, specially treated surface.

Daily class can last anything up to two hours. Attending it is a vital part of any dancer's life: the bedrock to their artistic discipline. Class allows them to tune their bodies, each sequence of jumps and steps specifically designed to reacquaint the dancer with how muscle and bone work together. In fact, it is considered so important to a dancer's life that even at the age of 82, Merce Cunningham still personally teaches class twice a week. He may no longer be able to lead them through each set of positions, but his formidable sense of rhythm is as strong and as subtle as ever.

"One, two and three and go!" The voice resonates gently through the sweltering air. "Foot together foot together!" Springing from one foot to the other, this descent marks powerful contact with the ground, landing much more heavily than you would witness in a classical ballet class. Their gestures are also easily recognisable as characteristic of Cunningham's idiosyncratic choreographic language: the bare arms held away from the sides, the very straight spines and erect torsos. Other aspects of the class mirror more traditional, however. At the end of the day's session, for example, the dancers will stand and applaud their teacher, an affectionate gesture Cunningham acknowledges with a contented smile.

What might surprise a casual visitor to the class is the enthused accompaniment of show tunes and belated, rising from "Give My Regards To Broadway" to "Don't Get Sent Sent", played on a baby grand by an otherwise silent woman at the far end of the room.

"It's like a wonderful accompaniment and an old friend," Cunningham explains from a quiet corner of a smaller practice studio. "Many years ago she came here to accompany a class for the first time and asked me what she should play. She'd been playing for ballet classes for children, where they wanted the music to fit the dance exactly. I said I don't care

what you play so long as the rhythm is clear and the phrasing. She has an astonishing gift for playing popular tunes. She knows the 20s, the 30s, the 40s. You never know what she's going to play next, but her rhythm is just wonderful, and she doesn't care at all whether they have to watch it. They don't have to fit into the music. She'll play a bit of Irving Berlin as she waltzes up and on the way down go to Cole Porter." Cunningham laughs. "But she never loses her sense of rhythm or her phrasing."

When Cunningham first met John Cage, who would later become founding musical director of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company and remain its musical advisor until his death in 1992, it was in 1938 at one of Bonnie Bird's modern dance classes at the Denishawn studio in Seattle. "I was a student there," Cunningham recalls, "and John came to play the piano for dance classes, but he had already composed short things for dancers back in California."

What sort of things was he playing back then? "You mean for class? Well, I don't know how you'd describe it. John never played tunes. I don't think he knew any. I remember once he tried to play "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and got mixed up." Cunningham laughs again. "So he called really like to accompany dance classes, and I don't blame him." More laughter.

Dancing to the music of time



Born in Philadelphia in New York City, July 1906



Marvin Cunningham and John Cage circa 1968



Buskercenter Fuller and Marvin Cunningham,
the Box BY The Box, 1948



Dance class at Elsie Franklin College, 1948

Cage's thoughts on the interrelationship between dance and music were already taking definite shape by then. "I think that as a composer, Cage didn't like the idea of composing something that fitted dance," Cunningham says. "His thought was that must be another way. There were really only two ways you could go about it: look that a mixer the dancer took a piece of music that was already made and created a dance to it, or if they wanted the piece composed, the composer had to follow the beat or whatever else the dancer was concerned with."

A preoccupation with rhythmic structure, however, together with Cage's interest in composing for percussion ensembles, led to early explorations of the common ground shared by the two disciplines. "Cage was writing percussion music at this time," Cunningham remembers, "and he wanted people who could play it, so he organized a small group of two or three people from the musicians in the Cornish School and he asked me to play it." "Well, I'm not a musician," I said. "But you can read notes," he replied, because I had learned piano as a child. "And your rhythm is good." So we would rehearse in the rehearsal at the Cornish School. Three of the members were piano teachers, and right after the rehearsal, John said to me there: "You're playing everything absolutely perfectly. Now go a little further and make a few mistakes." She was absolutely shocked," Cunningham adds with another infectious laugh. "But of course John was right."

It was also at the Cornish School in 1938 that Cage first came up with the idea of the prepared piano in order to create a heavily percussive score for the Brecht/Bell, a dance composed by Syvilla Bell, another of Cage's first students.

"The materials of dance, already including rhythm, require only the addition of sound to become a rich complete vocabulary," Cage wrote the following year in "Dance: New Music, New Dance" for *Dance Observer* in 1939. "The dancer should be better equipped than the musician to use this vocabulary, for more of the materials are already at his command."

Adding percussion to these materials linked bodies in precise motion together. Approaching the relationship between dance and music through the rhythmic structuring of material meant that neither was seen subordinate to the other.

"This form of the music-dance composition should be a necessary working together of all materials used," Cage concluded. "The music will then be more than an accompaniment; it will be an integral part of the dance." By 1942 he was in New York and working with Merce Cunningham on a series of three negotiated solos, beginning with the structurally percussive *Credo in Us*.

"We decided that I would create a solo and Cage would make music, and we agreed on a particular rhythmic structure. He would go away and compose the music, and fill someone the notes, and then we'd put the two together. So, with the rhythmic structure we would never go to speak, it structural points throughout the piece. But in between, the relationship was, for me, very difficult because I was accustomed to dancing to the music. I remember there was a point in the dance where I did a very strong movement, and there was no music at all. The next minute, the next second really, the piece suddenly made this large sound. I suddenly realized the dancer had to be what it was as it came in right, without the sound supporting it. I suddenly realized what was possible."

The conceptual complexities surrounding dance and the direct physicality to be experienced in modern music are both simultaneously exposed through this experience. "It's quite an amazing thing to look at these two things and put them together,"

Cage would later remark. "You can't say what the relationship is except by saying that they are both here together. There is no intention."

At the same time the experience and unrestrained invention of their collaborative work also clearly appeared in *Credo in Us*, with its heavily rhythmic use of radical, prepared piano and martial percussion.

"They're happy," Cunningham remarks of the two came out for the piece. "They're like teenagers now because they give a particular quality of sound that no other can do which they had used. And I think John used the last of this piece last. It's strong, very strong. And we wondered that whole thing over time."

The breeding would eventually lead to a more defined conception of time, not so much in the rhythmic structuring of events but as an event in itself. Things happened over a given period of time that were unrelated to each other. Simultaneously was both an embracing of this separation and an aesthetic challenge. By 1946 Cage and Cunningham were touring a repertoire of dance collaborations around the United States for the first time. This would eventually bring them to Black Mountain College, where artist and dancer Brecht/Bell professor Josef Albers was Head of Fine Arts.

"Cage and I had gone to visit the school where the two of us were touring close by John said, 'Let's go see it.' So we went, and they put us up for the weekend. Then Albers asked us to come back that summer, which was two months away. Since we needed any job we could get, we said yes. Then Albers said to John: 'Do you know a painter who might come and teach for the summer?' And John said 'Well, Dr. Koenig, besides his law firm, Bill and Elaine had just been put out of their apartment because they couldn't pay the rent, so they were there too.'"

In place of the course on modern music he had been asked to present that summer, Cage decided to organize a festival dedicated to the works of Erik Satie instead.

"Josef Albers was from the Bauhaus, so you probably know," Cunningham says. "He was a remarkable man, rigid in a way, but he allowed all of this. In musical terms, the attack was totally German. So John visualized the program of playing Satie. We had a grand piano where we were staying. Every Wednesday John would give something by Satie on the piano that would be heard by people outside at the gate."

Cage still managed to create controversy, even in an art establishment as liberal as Black Mountain College, by delivering a lecture in which he celebrated Brecht/Bell, whose influence he denounced for being "subservient to the art of music."

"With Beethoven the parts of a composition were defined by tempo," Cage explained. "With Satie and Webern they were defined by means of time lengths. The question of structure is so basic, and it is so important to be in agreement with it."

Prepared in terms of duration, content is no longer fixed. It becomes a point in time, a moment. Putting Erik Satie, composer of the ballet scores *Parade* for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes and *Reliques for Ballets Russes*, alongside in such a context defined that moment.

"We went to perform the play *Seven Years, Le Prince des Mantes*," Cunningham explains. "McPherson was there, she was a series, and she did a marvelous translation, and we ended up doing it at the end of the summer. The students helped make many of the props, Dr. Koenig designed some things for it, Arthur Penn directed, and I was the monkey."

A series of misadventures and absurd circumstances in 1952. Satie's play, rendered from the

French by MC Richards in *The Rose Of The Medals*, seemed a sort of extreme musical intrusion involving dancing mechanical monkey. Cage sat at the piano while Cunningham danced. Also taking part were the visionary endorser Brecht/Bell professor Josef Albers, and Elaine Dr. Koenig as his daughter Flossie. "Buddy Fuller was nervous," Cunningham recalls, "and then showed him how he could think that way through the situation, and he was just marvelous. It was the most interesting experience."

"The summer days in 1952 between music and dance in time" Cunningham would later remark. "This brings up a new situation for dancers." "What emerges is something closer to theatre, wildly heterogeneous, interdisciplinary and unpredictable." "There's a takes place all the time, whenever one is, and on simply facilitates perceiving one of this," Cage wrote in his lecture 46 *For A Speaker*.

But what determines duration? "Oh well, you make a choice at some point," Cunningham explains. "We've learned to work in the narrow margin time. With a composer, it's all about the one thing that's not known, or it's all, 'Well, this will be 20 minutes.' It's not to me it's mysterious, it's just to estimate all the elements are separate and distinct: the dance, the music and the dance. With the dance, I use a stopwatch so we can begin with a clear error of the things involved."

In 1962 Cunningham was invited by Leonard Bernstein to choreograph Pierre Boulez's *Les Femmes d'Alger* for the New York Philharmonic. It was the first time in his career that he was asked to choreograph a work by a living composer. "It was a great experience," he says. "I was a little bit nervous, but when I listened to the music I realized that it was impossible to count in the conventional manner so I thought the only way to do it was to take the length of time and make the dance separate from the music. I made a solo for myself, but then for the repertoire I created a totally different dance with a group of dancers. This was the first time we were beginning to work with multiple time — Cage, Christian Wolf, Feldman — and I realized that to use this with dance, you couldn't use it in music. So I thought it was simpler to take the time and use that as the structure."

During this same period, Cunningham was working on *Suite by Chance*. His first choreographic piece to use chance operations, a work in four parts for four dancers in which such elements as space, time and positions were plotted out on charts. It also featured an electronic score created on tape by Christian Wolf using oscillator tones. The only connection between the music and dance from this point on would be through "mistakes and accidents." At the same time, Cage was working on *Music for a Soloist*, a piece for a soloist, which was equally by Cage, Cunningham and David Tudor, a longstanding collaborator with both the composer and the choreographer, that the musical part of each performance should remain free. All three had taken part in the infamous *Winter Piece* devised by Cage at Black Mountain College in the summer of 1952. An audience seated around the table of the room was surrounded by a number of unattended activities in Cage's words, "the paintings of Robert Rauschenberg, the dancing of Merce Cunningham, films, and music, photograph records, the poems of Charles Olson and Mac Roberts, notes from the top of incidents, and the poems of David Tudor, together with any Juilliard lecture, which ends. A piece of stilling, a concert, each day."

With representation being replaced by such events, it may have seemed as if Brecht/Merce had left the building. However, Cage's decision to use

Cunningham as a human dynamometer for the world premiere of his *Concort For Pies And Goshawks* at New York's Town Hall in 1955 was a strategy Satis would have applauded.

"I had to enter a certain dress suit," Cunningham laughs, "with everything needed: John wanted the conductor's arm to represent the hands of a clock. I think we only did it once, but his idea was that at each performance the tempo would change. The musicians all had a score, which contained their individual parts. OK, if you were looking at the conductor" — Cunningham's left hand goes up — "it was all done with your wrist going clockwise." His arm darts nervously out the typewriter frame. "This is 15, this is 30, this is 45, this is 60. Say that this 15 minutes is to go slowly; taking a half hour, the conductor would be moving his arm slowly like this. The players realize it's slow and change their tempo. Of course John went way beyond that. He usually didn't want a conductor at all."

That same year Cunningham choreographed parts of *Concort For Pies And Goshawks*, incorporating it into the wonderfully playful *Anti-Matter* with sets and props by Robert Rauschenberg.

Cunningham has retained his know-how for cutting edge music, and the list of musicians who have accompanied his choreography includes Maryanne Amacher, Tarkenton Kossiga, David Behrman, Yasunao Tane, Jim O'Rourke and Christian Marclay. "The music and the dance are still made separately," Cunningham remarks on the company's current practice. "They just take place at the same time." This may sound like the simplest of ideas, but it also constitutes the basis for an aesthetic program that has been carefully defined and continually revisited over the years. There's also a robust sense of utility to it: a concern with the practicalities of presenting dance programs in a widely divergent set of venues, from theaters, museums and galleries to

gyms and basketball courts. Amacher experienced as defined in terms of practicalities, know-how and lists of instructions. In 1968, while Cage was composing *How To Improve The World (You'll Only Make Matters Worse)* on an IBM Selectric typewriter, Cunningham was creating *How To Pass, Kool, Roll And Pass*, its title derived from a manual on American football.

Cage's score for this new piece was a selection of stanzas, some of which were distributed throughout his first two collections of lectures and essays, *Science and A View From Memory*.

"Each story is to take 15 minutes," Cunningham explains. "So if you have ten words in the story you had to suspend that through the minute, which means you're going very, very slow. But if you have 100 words, you have to talk like mad, so it's again about tempo."

By then the Merce Cunningham Dance Company repertoire included scores by Earle Brown, Morton Feldman, Gordon Mumma, La Monte Young and John Cage. "We also wanted to include other composers because there began to be this small group in New York who were interested in this kind of writing, and who were interested in music and new sounds. We found a way to do what we called *events*. We would give them on weekends for about six weeks and we had a different composer each time. Meredith Monk took part and so did Charles Wolff."

The first performance of *Winterpiece II*, an early multimedia event that took place in July 1968 at what is now the Avery Fisher Hall, involved a number of key names from the emergent electronic underground, including Nam June Paik and Stan Vanderbeek.

"Then, did these marvelous things at the back of the stage, but at the front, where we did the dancing, there were three microphones and wires trailing across the floor over which we had to dance. These went back to this platform where the musicians were, including John Cage, David Tudor, Max Matthews

of the Bell Laboratories, Billy Kluver and Bob Moog." A system of discoidal photoelectric cells was aimed at the stage lights so that the dancers would trigger sounds as they cut through the beams. A second system used a series of sensors devised by Bob Moog, which were actually modified theremin when a dancer came within four feet of an antenna a sound would result.

"We had one afternoon to put this together," Cunningham recalls. "And although we did have a rehearsal, we had to do it very fast. Moog had never been working in the theater and was just entranced by the dancing. We'd hear Billy Kluver shouting, 'Moog! What are you doing?' There was this huge artificial plant onstage, and some chairs and tables. All of these things had control mats, and if you touched a leaf or moved a chair or table, all these sounds were picked up and could then be used by the musicians. I rode a bicycle at the end, which had microphones in the wheels. It was still very early days for electronics. There were things we were using that were not in this bag." Cunningham holds up fingers pressed tightly together to indicate something of technological ease.

As the technology became smaller, so the projects have grown in stature. This month, the Merce Cunningham Dance Company brings its most ambitious work yet to London's newly refurbished Roundhouse, involving 150 musicians, an electronic score by David Tudor and 16 dancers. *Concort* lasts exactly 90 minutes, cued by a digital clock displayed on a series of video monitors. It will also be presented in the round and without an interval.

"With *Concort*, there is no conductor at all," Cunningham explains. "There are moments when the individual players consult. We did it last year here in the Lincoln Center and Andrew Culver, who dealt with the music, thought we should have more strings, so he's added more. This machine was from



Winterpiece II, 1968. (Left to right) John Cage, David Tudor, Gordon Mumma

JOHN CUNNINGHAM



The choroson dance, John Neff, 1988



Herce Cunningham's dancers in *Down at Lincoln Center*, NYC, 2015

the Churchill School of Music & Dance in cooperation with Denise Ustinovitz, which I think is marvelous."

Conceived by Cage and Cunningham, *Down* (which was premiered in 1994 in Brussels) represents both a culmination of previous events and an anticipation of those still to come. "John was greatly concerned with James Joyce's work," Cunningham reflects, "and Joseph Campbell said that the last work Joyce might do would be about water. So John and I came up with this possibility. Musically and dance-wise, *Down* has 10 sections. This also comes from Joyce, who once said that *Ulysses* had 17 sections and *Finnegans Wake* 18. So this one has 18. John wanted something in the count, and I agreed. The dancers, my, are here!" — Cunningham here points to a central space in front of him — "and the audience is around them." His hand describes a circle. "Then the music's outside of there." Cunningham draws an oval under circle, indicating how the audience will be submerged between the music and dancers. "It's like a bath," he says. "We've done it twice for the Lincoln Center. The first time was out of doors, and I thought that one was very beautiful. It was open to all the sounds going on at the time. The last two, we

were in theaters, and the audience were quite good. You really felt as if you were surrounded."

An epic, environmental work requiring vast resources, *Down* still contains within it ideas that Cage and Cunningham were first articulating more than half a century ago and which still have the ability to challenge and to stimulate. The performance was might be larger than that provided by Black Mountain College, Cunningham having choreographed *Down* for a circular space over 40 feet across; and video monitors may have replaced a human choreographer in a dinner jacket, but the principles remain the same. Its still about time and space, shifting tempo, and unique moments.


When examining the literature Cage and Cunningham have produced on the subject of music and dance over the years, it's remarkable how often their thinking is expressed in purely physical terms. Is "the Cage" used so far as to compile a detailed account of the company's energetic stage habits, its title, *Where Are We Going? And Where Are We Going?* preceded that a his 1981 lecture, *Where Are We Going? And Where Are We Going?* Both composer and choreographer speak of dance having to "stand

on its own two legs" of how it must exist without "musical support." Maybe that's because of the memories contained within each dancer's muscles.

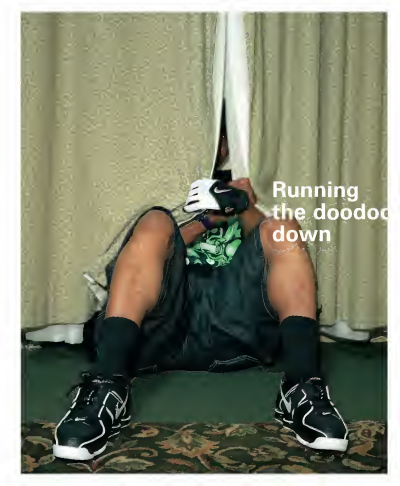
"It would always astonish me how, when we put a dance away for two months or so, dancers would remember what that dance was and also how intricate their timing would be. They do a 28-minute piece, they'd come out at 34 minutes and 58 seconds."

Recently the company revived *How To Pass, Kick, Pull And Run*, one of the rare works in which Cunningham himself still appears onstage. Rather than dancing in the piece, however, he now reads from a selection of Cage's original stories, usually accompanied by the company's sprightly archivist, David Vaughan. "There are now two readers," he says. "Each needs 12 stories and can choose what three should be silent. John and I's more like music when two people read the stories together because you can't destroy the words."

And was Cage a good dancer? Cunningham smiles and shakes his head. "Oh no," he says fondly. "no." □ *Down* is performed at London Roundhouse this month; see *Our Time*.

A photograph of a person in a patterned jacket and dark pants bending over a small table in a room with a patterned carpet and a white wall. The person is wearing a dark jacket with a light-colored pattern and dark pants. They are bending over a small table covered with a dark cloth. The room has a white wall and a patterned carpet. There is a red fire alarm pull station on the wall. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

Former Ultramagnetic MC Kool Keith has delivered his latest critical beatdown in the form of the long awaited and hotly contested reincarnation of his best loved alter ego, Dr Octagon. In a year of heightened activity for hiphop's most outspoken scatologist, he rants about his six new releases and lets his satirical attack dogs off the chain. Words: Peter Shapiro. Photography: Danielle Van Ark

A person is sitting on a green and gold patterned rug. They are wearing black athletic shorts, black socks, and black sneakers with white laces and white soles. They are holding a white and black sneaker up to their face, as if they are about to take a bite out of it. The background consists of a light-colored, textured curtain.

Running
the doodoo
down



When we first lost time your teenage rig got real around New York City any later if with a donut!" said Keith Thornton said only as semi-seriously, leaning... very back in his chair, his eyes here is made being the terms of his over-the-hill baseball cap, sprawling a new stop stationer of words in his signature streetwise where "Just get on the drive by himself at Brighton Beach (in southwestern Brooklyn) and note it to 200th Street for southwestern Manhattan, they couldn't do it. Their conscience couldn't let them do it because no one's paying them no mind. The issue is problematic here with these rapers, it's just gotten too frustrated. People are just doing too much sense stuff." You've got people now just get out of the car and then 16 people with headphones come out after them - I'm thinking a diplomat or something's getting out of the car. It's getting too much now. It's uncalled for. What is he doing while he has cars? Does he have 15 guys standing with their arms folded in the room with him. You've got all right men

home. "New York is a good city, it makes me write more cutting-edge stuff. A lot of the critics don't like my tasteless flashes. They didn't like when I was writing about my urinal fantasies, glowing and all that. But that's just part of my way of writing. You know, you get a lot of ropes in wearing slacks and stuff, writing about Cretal and the way they draw - 'It's a jump, it's a jump, it's a jump.' Why can't I use my words? The critics are trying to do me in all my whole vocabulary. They don't do that to Bellow or Richard Wright. Why are they trying to do me in my whole vocabulary?"

begin? I've been walking around New York's 1st street, and I'm saying that the girls wear nice clothes, but then they've got ugly underwear hanging out of their pants. You know, like, ugly extra-baggy underwear. You thought a nice sweater, you've got a nice skirt on, why do you have these diaper-looking things like Pampers hanging out of your skirt? Why don't you just get a nice pair of comfort underwear that looks nice with your pants? That's the problem. I'm seeing a lot of right now. You're wearing Huggies! It's so funny. Stop that. I think people are rushing so much that they don't have time to buy beautiful underwear. They don't want to buy matching underwear. They're just buying one underwear off the table at K-Mart or something. Now Europe in some of their time in buying intimate underwear, but in New York a decent woman match their outfit. They're quick to tell a guy he might have dirty pants or he hasn't put any lotion on his legs, but your underwear looks like diaper right now. So, there where I'm coming from."

trying to catch the younger audience. Everyone's wearing bag older clothes now. I like my baseball cap and my sneakers. I'm not going to go out there and add 50 years to myself. You got a lot of rappers out there trying to wear older clothes and put on bag clothes. They're trying to throw themselves out of all proportion of what we're really in. I respect a lot of the rappers who keep a cultural edge to rap. Rap is the Bronx street, throw your sneakers on, your Nikes, then your ball cap on, it's comfortable. You can't take rap out of Harlem and Brooklyn, it's a soul. I could wear a hat, but I don't have time for alterations and I can't forget all the old shirts and t-shirts and I bet if you can really rap, all that stuff don't make you a rapper. Who got the best shoes or Kith, man, who got the best rap? Let's leave the competition going, not worry about who's wearing the \$500 shoes right now.

"I get guitars and sticks back at my house, but I get nice suits. I was really embarrassed at the rappers at the last couple of TV events. I've seen A lot of these dudes stylize get a suit. The suits didn't fit the rappers properly. They all looked like old men suits, they weren't European at all. I think I was the only guy who looked comfortable. A lot of guys had suits that were made of cheap material, they looked polyester. They looked uncomfortable. I don't know what those suits are buying or where they're getting those suits from. They're not Italian art. You definitely gotta step up the suit game. Everybody was wearing a white suit, and they were doing loosey loosey suits. The girls had some nice dresses, but the guys had suits that they got from downtown or the sales, like an Hollywood Boulevard, these suits for \$100. These guys with the cheap suits tell me they're going to wear suits and they're wearing a guy with a cheap suit. Is he ever on these guys put their money back on. Stop messing up the game."

While *Ultaraigments* looks up, Kith became the patron saint of a underground hip-hop. While his rugged old vocabulary always made Kith a paragon to the artists of hip-hop travelers, Kith, no longer bound by the group dynamic, was able to indulge his writer fantasies and obsessions. As part of The Connector in 1995 with Godfather Don, Kith rapped about writers and compared himself to Hemingway, but it was in the "epitaphic" feature from the *Don't*, that Kith, then the truly connected hip-hop writer, was wearing hip-hop and those who did it really like rap music. A psychologist from outer space, Dr. Octagon came from a world of blue flowers and green rain, where dead raindrops mixed with raindrops with built-in wings. In order to perform horrible sexual experiments on Earthlings. All at one time who Puffy was getting his hands machine in full gear. Dr. Don went AWOL, "You was taking all my pants at one time, and all the secrets started flowing" or Jay-Z works, a guy talking about alien recruits represented an escape from a hideously painful and hip-hop scene. Dr. Octagon, later reinvented as Dr. Octagonology plus his companion album, *The Journalist* was given a one-of-a-kind by its appearance on the British *Mo'Nasty* label the concept may have been little more than adolescent sociology wrapped up in dobbing production from Don The Automator, who created a wild and wonderful and pulpy soundtrack from the Dave Navro soundtrack and O-Garth's narrative and pencils, but in context it seemed like a major aesthetic triumph.

A decade later, the hip-hop scene is equally stylized with the Don't look as being as New York as in the late 90s, the hip-hop scene is desperately searching for someone with even half the charisma of G-D and Dr. Octagon has been reincarnated (he was killed off in 1999 at the start of Kith's Dr. Doobom album,

First Come, First Served). This time, however, the good doctor isn't going to save hip-hop from whatever people think it needs saving from. Part of the problem is that Kith seems to have little time for the dreamer. The *Remain Of Dr. Octagon* has been the subject of myth and rumors, much of it resulting from Kith's own comments. Even though he has seemingly made peace with the project, he still rather talk about *First Come*.

For the *Remain Of... Kith's* producers were an Australian production firm based in Berlin, One West Sun. The collaboration came about because group's Brian Westbrook had been signed to Rockwell Records, a label that changed its name to OGD around the same time that it signed Kith. The Internet is filled with talk about how Kith has downed the project and that the recordings are illegitimate mixes of vocal tracks that Kith had nothing to do with. But according to Westbrook, "When we heard that Kith and the label filed our grooves, we figured: Some of the tracks were a cappella, but the major tracks on the record — as 'Times,' 'Ain't,' 'Alone' and 'Perfect World' — started with us sending Kith the first rough mix. He dug them. We then sent him a group of themes that we thought could be both appropriate to the language of Dr. Octagon but in the same time still somewhere different. For example, at the time we were working and living up in the northwest part of Australia and there was a terrible drought. The sadness of a drought without rain was what made us produce these as a theme to Kith."

"We didn't have a lot of contact with Kith, and when we did have in terms of direct contact was down the phone," adds One West Sun member Ben O'Neil, formerly of High Five Filter. "We talked with him about our actual grooves and played him some of the tracks while they were in progress. We spoke with him about some of our theme ideas and the general direction of the grooves before and while he was in the studio in LA laying down vocals. Brian really caught up with him in Berlin after the record was finished."

Hip-hop puns between One West Sun's very underground production, but the real problem was The *Remain Of Dr. Octagon* might be that One West Sun produced Kith with music in concept and concept in mind. The original Dr. Octagon record was a loose old classic because, while the production was novel, it stayed within the constraints of hip-hop and grounded Kith. On The *Remain Of Dr. Octagon* One West Sun surpassed Kith with undeniably aggressive music that changes styles as it flows, shifts from funky electro-rock to blizzard to glitch to at the drop of a hat. There's just too much going on. At points the album is reminiscent of William Burroughs's 1993 collaboration with The Dustheads *House Of Hippony*, *Spunk As A Gun* and *Other Tales*, which truly with Kith sounding often like a classic Beat poet phoning his lyrics in from John Gorman's outburst.

"We needed hundreds of things on top of each other," says One West Sun's third member John Lindland, "and then through a process of creative elimination looked for fucked up and fresh juxtaposed ideas, half of which, in a strings way, created textures. As musicians we had no interest in making a cool-to-catch sequel to a truly great record. We wanted to be true to the spirit of the original and defy conservative genre expectations. We put that the return in reality."

The *Remain Of Dr. Octagon* is just one of countless projects Kith is releasing in 2005. In addition to the upcoming *Ultaraigments* reissue and a forthcoming Kool Keith album, plus a guest slot on Mike Patton's record *Project Fear* album on *Spac-*

Kith has released *Kingston Palace* by M. Nigroza, the Kool Keith Collaboration *Project Polaris* with TomCz, The *Connected* by 2005, and a new album *The Last Masters Of Rap*, and a new album *Dr. Donk* with Dr. Donk. A second volume of *The Connected* was planned as his homegrown Funky Ass Records label, whose Whitebe has previously agreed to manage Kith's art and management and small scene.

Others are far for the course in hip-hop, but with an imagination as hyperventilator as Kith's, it's unsurprising that he has created more than 50 alter egos during the course of his career. While Kith's name game is perhaps emblematic of WGB, Dufon's notion of African American double consciousness, it's also a practical way of staying ahead of the snakes. "A lot of people like my shit," Kith admits. "People try to steal my beats and my image. People use me some out with a cap on or something and they try to confuse that with something that they're doing. But I'm not doing this. I think people who worked on some of the records that I didn't participate in too much used a lot of skills. I don't think that's necessary."

The new [old] album is going to be straight up rhyming, and I'm going to go straight to people. My shock value is going to come back. I like to shock people. I want to catch people off guard. Like "Your shoes are ugly! They're gonna cover the legs. I want to shock people. I like rap being competitive. You've got a lot of people who want to make rap not competitive. I think people have taken rap out of the format. You know another thing I'm tired of is the category of the greatest rapper." It's just the programming of everything. The programming is the same, like the same, the negative is the same. Everything's just making the same thing. It's just so monotonous. People should just start surprising people. I'd get to on hearing them say "Next week on the BET Awards, guest star Buge Buge." I'd rather see that. "Buge Buge, Larry David, Charles Meehan." You know, he's with something different. "Gary Gilmore with special guest David Berkowitz." At least that's something different to the human ear, you know?

While Kith knows that he's one of a kind, he also knows that he's not a part of the world, but a part of the world who knows to talk about himself as a person and local matter as his own. The limitations of his persona (particularly the audience for them) seem to frustrate him no end.

"The outsider guys probably think I'm at some storehouse's house watching *Top Gun* on TV, but I'm really not doing that," he says. "I'm out, you know, at the strip clubs having a lap dance. I'm in the real. I'm not at some Hollywood or night somewhere looking out the window thinking I can't go nowhere. I'm in the real. When I'm in the real, I'm in the real. I'm working the streets as up in Harlem working around, buying stuff. People around me talk about the street life [reading voice]. The streets are Harlem and I'm reading, getting my mind on, and I'm living the life of the street and my life is rough and I'm here. I'm happy. It's a pushing weight. I hate people who say they run the streets, that the streets are the life or that, but they never see them in the streets. I want to do a rap TV show on trying to find your favorite rapper who says they are in the streets in the 'hood. You can't find these rappers, you can't get them in the street." (The *Remain Of Dr. Octagon* is on the market as OGD. Other Kith releases of 2005 include Kool Keith *Collaboration* / *Cooper Shop*, The Last Masters Volume 2 (Shant), M. Nigroza's *Mojo* (Shant), and Kool Keith *Dr. Donk* / *Project Polaris* (Threehead).



The Primer

A bi-monthly guide to the selected recordings of a particular artist or genre. This month: Philip Clark wears his Improv laminate to gain entry to the 'tunes without measure or end' of the turbulent British institution **AMM**, along with solo efforts by group members Eddie Prevost, Keith Rowe and John Tilbury. Illustration: Savage Pencil

AMM

It's 42 years since a loose collective of experimental non-conformists and inquisitive jazz musicians who played once a week in a rehearsal space at London's Royal College of Art, crystallised into the improvisation ensemble **AMM**. Guitarist Keith Rowe, tenor saxophonist Lou Gas and bassist Lawrence Sheroff had been members of composer Miles Westbrooks's Flying Saucer Band. Drummer Eddie Prevost (pronounced 'Prevost') had worked with Gas in a quartet that replaced the first bag of Max Roach and Sonny Rollins. They were soon joined by composers Cornelius Cardew and Christopher Hobbs, who threw an understanding of John Cage and Karlheinz Stockhausen into the already swirling mix.

Today **AMM** is one of the iconic names in British Improv. The group are significant because they were the first to meaningfully employ a hybrid relationship with backgrounds in jazz and post-rock, post-Deconstructivist composition. Even Owen Bryson, the bassist of the *The Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, only stepped up his compositional activities after the group disbanded, while the members of John Stevens's *Spontaneous Music Ensemble* were systematically poets. Searching for an approach distinct from improvisers arguing their point within an unfolding dialogue, **AMM** aimed at structure that empirically generated themselves during performance and that largely subsumed individual preoccupations into an ensemble ethos. Prevost has said that when he sings he "would not mind being invisible", and indeed early **AMM** gigs were often performed in the dark.

However, political fighting has been a key factor in **AMM**'s evolution. Twice, warring ideologies have seen the group reduced – nominally if not necessarily decisively – to a duo format. The Marxist

philipps of Cardew and Rowe provoked a split line, and for a period gigs alternated between a duo by Cardew & Rowe and Prevost & Gas. Then, in 1975, Rowe and Cardew left the group. Rowe returned in the mid-1970s and the personnel stabilised into a trio with pioneer John Tilbury until 2004, when Rowe took exception to Prevost's critique of his current direction as his book *Music Perceptions*. At the time of writing, **AMM** in 2006 are a Tilbury/Prevost duo.

Despite the combative nature of **AMM**'s internal politics, the group have always been open to sympathetic musicians. In 1968 New York School composer Christian Wolff played bass guitar with **AMM** during an extended stay in the UK, and Cardew returned to the fold sporadically until his tragic death in 1981. Saxophonist Evan Parker, Arctic Quartet cellist Robert de Senne and pioneering avant-garde violinist Immanuel Monell have all had a relationship to **AMM** in their day. And thanks to Monty Python – not quite a world-famous member, but fellow travellers whose contributions are welcome.

Prevost has been quoted denying that all these scapists, his Evan Parker who has both internalised and understood **AMM**'s aesthetic – begging the question: what *is* the **AMM** aesthetic? Frankly, that's an impossible question to answer fully. If one could provide a key to unlock the formula, then there would be little point in listening, although there are identifiable traits as true for their debut recording, *AMM/Music 1968*, as for *Morech*, their latest album recorded in 2008. **AMM** music – as it becomes directed – hops into a centrifugal flow of sound, which the musicians, as responsive listeners, can either uphold or shift towards new ground. Each musician represents a separate layer of overlapping activity, and the music practices an accumulative structure as three jiggled layers dance in counterpoint to each other.

In Derek Bailey's introduction to *Nature and Process in Music*, Prevost defines this implied responsibility as: "When the musical situation seems chaotic, when we are caught up in the meliorism of events, in which at times it is almost impossible to tell who or what is going on, that is the point when you have to distinguish yourself, delineate your contribution, or else the enterprise is meaningless ecstasies." That "meliorism of sound" too is something highly personal to **AMM**. Tilbury will often dispute his 'glimpse-music' with a naturally soft touch and through understated preparations. Although occasional Baby Daddies like figure bass sometimes divulge Prevost's percussive roots, his treatment of the drum kit with violin bows and other nonconformist objects welcomes it as an organic sound source. Rowe's attitude to his guitar is arguably the most misread, as he tries it flat on a table, plucking strings with a pick-up system with one hand and manipulating notes right-side with the other, looking like he's forever by conducting an orchestra on the clatter of conventional technique. Often on records **AMM** players are faced without identifying their instrumental allegiance – the ensemble-centric nature of the music is prime.

Every fan would like to think **AMM**'s secret strategy stands for something visionary and revolutionary, but it centres around. Guesses range from the sympathetic Art, Modernism and Music and Autonomous Modern Music to the less complimentary Association of Musicians Modernism, and a comment on the group's mainstream low often drawing power – *Art's Mouth Money*. But perhaps it's fitting that the same fingers tentatively go up or down. Like the music itself, Prevost claims it should mean "whatever the experience of the music brings to the listener", and if anyone played a process meaning down, that it would be time to change the name anyway.





Einarsson Einarsson, 1970



Linn West, 1979



Sarah Swan, 2001



Rolfur Tróndur, 1994

AMM
AMM Music 1985
RSDJL255 1475 1531

AMM's debut originally appeared on rock label EMI, a mistake that the group eventually wound up on folk label Soft Machine, Pink Floyd and, once, the Genie Washington Ram Jam band. AMM Music 1985 was famously inspired in the more serious of old-time pop folk like *John Abernethy* by The Grims like *Godwin Damer*. Already it's a derivative AMM effort, with Keith Rowe's Post Art work printing and it's a good idea to start listening to AMM's early releases, a turbulent ensemble bang their heads as much as a music. Undoubtedly there was tension in the ranks. *Ordinary* really took part in weekly discussions about defining what AMM should be and apparently had reservations about "the fairly early of collective activity".

The opening track, "Later During A Heavy River Sunset", appears to be a dance with a drum in the bowels layered alongside AMM's trademark. EMI and flowing around the music is a disordered wave that's been sublimated from a historical radio. Slower moving parts flourish are contrasted against stunning high-gloss guitar guitars, while a fluctuating wave of colour from Privateers crystals gently impacts impact, but so embedded is one sound in another that the ear is quickly diverted to the tapping of the piano. *Ordinary* seems with the collective rise to the surface as he signs his name. *Ordinary* seems to be the first that was everything to do with Stockhausen. *Ordinary* is a Boulez's *Structure*, but like to do with the here and now. Lou Gehrig's cultural time atmosphere counts with the music that wouldn't be entirely out of place on a Coltrane Hawkins record – a moment that associates not only the inner darkness of AMM, but of the UK experimental music scene as a whole in 1968.

Keith Rowe's radio also strikes that ambience, but also make his own question what it is they're listening to. By definition, the instrumental case of AMM performances are self-referential as sound defines itself in relation to its surroundings, but Rowe's radio again become symbolic of the outside world and long relationships into the equation. Shortly after it is *Monsters* are heard and suddenly dropped into the unfolding structure. The moment follows a particularly acridly passage involving a "live" (played by Godwin or Sheriff) and Rowe morphs this object travel to let the contextual shapes around him, demonstrating just how acute randomness can be. Edward Keith – at the time much reduced leader of Her Majesty's Opposition – also finds himself unwittingly incorporated, and these period details are appropriate with the non-aware time of the material surrounding them.

The Crypt: The Complete Season
RSDJL255 1475 1531
Linnell
RSDJL255 1475 1531

Two years later, at AMM's second June 1968 session at The Crypt in West London, there had been protest and evolution. Out went Sheriff and in came Christopher Hobbs, and the music had appreciably matured. Individual parts are increasingly difficult to discern as an intertwining between individual parts operates in a level that's almost total. That said, the second track "Coffin Box Shift", embraces a wide diversity of material. *Ordinary* again stubbornly tests the boundaries of how much just he can get away with and the music bounces back with sudden holes and vast electronic expressions that push the music. The end of the previous track, "Like A Cloud Hanging In The Sky?"

"Sky?" has already the legend our perception of scale by taking much longer to wind down to a conclusion than expected. Now the whole impact of "endings" is updated as an ensemble show appears from somewhere. In the sound from Rowe's radio and we're really seeing a whole? There's the mutability of speech and a scene, then one person claps for a few seconds. But the atmosphere near pressure as the audience don't know when – or if – the performance has ended. *Ordinary* stage right are presumably the musicians leaving the stage. Family is the one. Linnell's abill of his own. Rowe's radio. Finally, *Ordinary* is a music as "later" – now, would be to celebrate the group's 30th anniversary in 1996. If it's an overview you want, then this case CD retrospective could hardly be bettered and as a primer all by itself. *Early AMM* is represented with a stretching set "The Axis Sequences", recorded in Denmark in December 1969. The classic two instrument follows with a 1969 set from Goldsmiths College in South London and AMM live in New York in 1984.

To Hear And Back Again
RSDJL255 1475 1531
As The Roundhouse
RSDJL255 1475 1531

The first ideological split within AMM was Privateer, accusing Godwin and Rowe of "cultural bullying" as they endeavored to impose their Moacan. A disc association resulted, which presented another title as played generic free jazz, as Privateer and Gane dug back to their roots. Long passages on *To Hear And Back Again* substantiate this viewpoint, although other sections like "The Morning" AMM the album opens with there a message of something like a link link from Gane to Rowe, supported by Privateer's relatively straightforward text. But on the second track, "To Hear" (actually the first track of the original LP), the music evolves from later Young like establishment to mess with space and structural pairing. "To Hear" already takes out making us Gane's exploration of tranquility, sustained chaos towards long stretches of silence. When it's time to go "Back Again" has a rather melody line lower against the spectral gradations of Privateer's symbol work before probing the harmonic series.

To Hear And Back Again is a truly amazing about forming judgments on the strength of one record. When, in 2001, the Seattle-based *Atmosphere* label released Privateer and Gane's performance in London's Roundhouse as part of the 1972 *Intermission!* Carnival of Experimental Sound, a re-evaluation was urgently required. Gane begins by displaying of the energy and sense of the gestures of free jazz, but the obvious dramatic reference points on *To Hear And Back Again* aren't there. Instead they concentrate on the characteristic AMM obsessions with vibration and a very low current of sound. Privateer defines ongoing time by the start of rippling his symbolic events, with his tightly strung acoustic drum pointing up passing tenderness. The 48 minute track is titled "The Sound Of Indifference", an allusion to the low impedance a lot in Britain – and most extraordinary is the trajectory of its structure. Barely fingers are indeed happy fingers as both musicians are reduced to mere form, their sound clearly fit into the opening measures, and the performance then imperceptibly unfolds to a complete state, about 28 minutes later. The silence is busy and dangerous. A shift's voice responds in the distance and the audience evidently feel uninvited. But the duo take instinctively what to start and metaphorically step back in time to an earlier energy level, which they pressure down to a deeper come. The process occurs until clock time has disappeared into acute psychological discrimination.

AMM II
It Had Been An Ordinary Enough Day In Pueblo, Colorado
RSDJL255 1475 1531

AMM II, because this was effectively the group's third incarnation. *Early AMM* was named in 1968, signaling the end of the road for Lou Ferris, who felt "I could not go back after the freedom of the duo?" Privateer and Rowe made a quirky and slightly belated pairing before John Tibberty came on the scene. In 1969, it had been *An Ordinary Enough Day In Pueblo*, Colorado. *Ordinary* was an ECM and now enjoy full release. The subtly evocative title floats into a slot in the middle of the first track "Radio Activity", gifted from the ether by Rowe's radio, although an earlier tape had to be abandoned as the Gods drift up a *Radio* of sound.

Rowe's guitar is unusually clean cut and sounds more like a standard electric guitar than anything else in the AMM discography, although that doesn't stop him waving its shape into oblique contours. Even Privateer's lively tenor work was an occasional radio event, so though checking in with the signals of the air. This record may not find bits of your brain you didn't realize were there, like other AMM of bands do, but it's a hugely entertaining stopover before the next 29 years of *Ordinary*.

AMM
Combine + Luminates + Thirteen 34
RSDJL255 1475 1531
Generative Themes
RSDJL255 1475 1531
The Inexhaustible Document
RSDJL255 1475 1531

Robert John Tibberty's arrival in 1980 led to the stabilisation of AMM's line-up, and 2004 Tibberty had departed for Denderon on occasion and was found in AMM spirit, although his subliminally inventive sound personality changed the group fundamentally. Tibberty negotiated AMM as a forum for improvisers and musicians interested in composition. Gane's graphic score *Thirteen* was the reason the composer initially approached AMM in 1969. On *Combine + Luminates* three years after his death, AMM can present Tibberty as "a young man" as an improvisation. Although to quote Privateer, there's "no universal correlation between symbols on the page and the sounds, musician's make" this exceptional performance doesn't sound much like AMM. The shapes and gestures created are unlike to one night, captured in Chicago in May 1984.

Generative Themes is a new studio recording and the two sides flow in abundance. The opening "Generative Themes" has a steady, suffocating sense of abstraction, in my notebook I've written "nothing happens – everything is happening!" as the music begins to unfold to the state of a new kind of a new style titled *Instruments*. The second, *Thirteen*, lowers the lid, with recognisably precise notes steadily emerging from the ensemble whole, about given a short rest with Tibberty's sensitive preparations. Later the discourse focuses around an intensely repeated high piano note that moves against other signals like abstract interference. Privateer too balances layered sounds from his hot with a steady personal drum section like rhythmic shifts and steady triplets in his hands.

The next track is largely quiet, apart from a solitary line of low register piano cluster that slides, lacking perspective to the ensemble as a whole. Tibberty's background as a performer of composed music – Morton Feldman in particular – informs his unerring ear for how to avoid "dead notes" and more effects. In the beautiful *Discourse*, called



The release of *AM* coincided with John Fildes' funeral at London E.C. 4. 1991.

When he began with a distinct voice to the refreshed *AMM*, and builds a mirror up to new developments. Most of the album features an idiosyncrasy instrumental 'whims and whims' undrained by an irregular or assistant pulse. Dr. Serran isn't an improviser's zone like the regular members, and perhaps he was not to try, instead he offers an outsider's running commentary on progress. Row's guitar work has Zenlike precision, and Dr. Serran leaves an ambivalence of pictures.

Notes in reply Tiberry slips into a casually distorted chorale and, at the end, Dr. Serran sings a drif melody that would be conventionally a sweet and singsong if only played two octaves lower. Now it sears wrong, and the key *AMM* use of instrumental camouflage is accomplished. Intriguing noises from the ensemble and supply interweaving from Tiberry's aural counterpart.

Kalita Rinne

A Dimension Of Perfectly Ordinary Beauty

APPLIED TO THE

Keith Rowe & Toshimaru Nakamura

Weather Sk

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

When Kath Rowe showed up at a Mike Westbrook rehearsal with several boxes glued over her instrumental part, it became clear that he was a maverick with a bad little sense for the leasest of conventional music. A Demolition Of Perfectly Ordinary Beauty is Rowe solo, although such is the perfection of devices and radio voices (she has "radio" only in the sense you hearon Mavis's music).

Another Sky recorded in France with Japanese as input mixing board specialist Toshihiro Nakamura is fantastic music but a significant marker of how far, by 2001, Rome is already shifting from core AMM concerns. The music is a continuum that subsumes both principles in AMM: tech, but the very electronic drones and abrupt cutouts are confrontational in a way AMM never sought to be. The expanded ensemble MIMO (Music in Movement Electronic Orchestra) was founded in 1997 and allowed Rome to explore his growing interest in digital and laptop improvisation further with a younger generation of musicians like Kalle Miettinen and Laurent Thevenoz of *Les Hespérides*. Embellishing MIMO's vision, John Tilbury's concerto for piano, strings and four laptops, *Architect* (2005) was Rome's most recent solo guitar project, an uncompromising set recorded live in Germany in 2006.

ΔH₂₉₈

Newfoundland

1970-1971

Live in Allentown USA

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From A Strange Place

PLP 00-303

Before Driving To The Chapel We Took Coffee With Rick And Jennifer Reed

09/04/2016 08:10

JAMM entered the 1980s as an institution among its admirers but not sufficiently institutionalised to guarantee regular gigs or any tours in the UK. Instead the group exploited their reputation in Central Europe and the United States, and issued

regular Test releases on CD for listeners at home. The Nicosian *Uncollected Block* brought Law Gare back for a gig at the 1990 Test festival in Switzerland; it was his first foray with AMM, so it's not to report that this is a rather misreading related with a wholly unipolar content. [ag finish]. Newfoundlund – recorded where the title suggests – is by contrast one of AMM's finest recorded documents. Its another quiet one, with Tibbany's faintly honed mélange of Telemannian *sofisti* Scriabinian harmonic illusions and Cagean *à-part* period rambles all telescoped through his keen ear for structural editing and note placement. His lines have a certain elegant complexity while never sounding cluttered, and wander in and out with supreme confidence in their own identity. The new album is a gem, and a welcome addition to the Private Test disc pitifully few visitors miss like Woody Woodpecker playing Donald traps, the duetted between those waters is both endless and timely, ubiquitous.

At this late stage in its development, there's never a sense of *AMM* having suffered reversals or at the wrong end of a scale. The members are too in touch with the tactile nature of their material, and are happy to be led by it, rather than their leading it into an endgame of 'style' or 'color'. And the race is certainly to be full of surprise. From *A Strange Place* was recorded at The Egg Farm in the Japanese city of Fukuoka. The cover art visually depicts a giant egg about to intervene a firm egg with another one appearing ominously behind it—egg spoonfully sow is a real and apparent danger. The performance begins in the Newfoundland crowd. At the concert's end, the members, both seated



PAUL RUSSELL WITH BRIAN AUGUSTIN (LEFT) AND JIMMYE L. SMITH (RIGHT)



At Beethoven Gallery, London, 1981

Rowe and Privoust with a strident guitar that persistently weeps the flow. But then new overtones open up like trapdoors under their feet. For once—and very briefly—Tibury sounds like a jazz pianist, as But Powell-like organics implores time-messing duology.

Before *Driving To The Chapel We Took Cattle With Us* and Jennifer Rend also co-mute varied material and is obviously and/or, a feel given the hands up by the CD stress, which splits its 68-minute duration into tracks, each labelled with a generic term from the Baroque Suite—"Violon", "Violante", "Intermezzo", etc. An "Aria" section seems to be vocal-like sounds produced by Privoust: bowing percussive instruments, while Rowe punches holes through a Billie Holiday record. This supple soundscape is archetypal AMM. But "Violante" lingers at the listener with valiant guitar notes and fidgety piano lines. Classical protocol demands that the piano be played smoothly, with dynamic level held within strict parameters. Tibury rebels—following these extreme leads, he rips along the keyboard with near-pitchbending melodic curves that continually loop the loop.

Live in Allentown USA is a monumental record that turns up the dial. It's AMM's industrial album, perhaps, with the brittle tone and clattery melodic intervals of Tibury's elongated piano introduction evoking Messiaen. But even here embedded satellites are revealed, as chords are cunningly voiced to contrast conventional notes with others that have been prepared. Glissandi figures from Privoust and Rowe swell into electronic ferocity, and later overcomes chunks of metal mesh coincide with elemental force. But then an ending that is, with risk to roll—it's as quiet, your speakers struggle to keep up

Eddie Privoist Loos Of Change RITCHESS CD 3286

Critically
RITCHESS CD 3286

Privoist was once branded the "Art History of Britain", although these albums are testament to how inclusive his vision really is. *Loos Of Change* is as intense AMM rendered solo. Slowly evolving soundscapes move unhurriedly their construction governed by Privoist's textual discoveries. Sustained wooden sounds drift like incense, while sliding guitars and percussive creaks have an auto-didactic quality in the manner of Henry Ford at Frank Dwyer. "Bermudian Breakdown" re-emerges a more conventional hit song. Eclectically generates 70 minutes of music from one ten-minute Karlsruhe Stockhausen did something comparable in *Microphase I* but Privoist goes deeper into tension DNA. The final track rolls out over a half-hour duration and isolates overtones and timbral colour, allowing the instrument to punch above its contextual expressive weight.

John Tibury & Evan Parker Two Chapters And An Epilogue RITCHESS CD 3287

**John Tibury & Keith Rowe
Duos For Doris**
RITCHESS CD 3288

Tibury and Privoist's duo record became an instant classic among aficionados. If Rowe's *Democrat Of Perfectly Ordinary Beauty* adds his soundscaping contribution to AMM, then the untiring "righting" of Tibury's pioneering structures are the heart through sensitive note choices is highly tied here. With

accompaniment is sensitive as this, Parker feels liberated as newly before. His bent coil through tonal curves to playfully pursue melodic cells, revealing his formative devotion to jazz players like Lee Konitz and Paul Desmond. *Duos For Doris* is a benignly confrontational in comparison Tibury's stark entry on a low register note contradicts Rowe's airborne electronic hum, while rhetorical bleed is split by Tibury's fully frank duets and Rowe's stubborn refusal to rise to the bait.

AMM Times Without Measure Or End RITCHESS CD 3289

Final
RITCHESS CD 3291

The pace of AMM's structural revolutions may have slowed in the new millennium, but these records keep fresh sound waves in the ascendant. The beginning of *Times Without Measure Or End*, recorded at Evan Parker's free radioCafe festival in Glasgow, puts Privoist onto a stage, and his elegant choreography across the kit shows immense inner calm. Privoist turns his gift from fate into a one-man percussion ensemble as resonant vibrations are tactfully captured and then looped via an electronic motor taped to its side. Tibury lies an expeditiously contrary moment near the conclusion, as his fingers drift on a stretched chord sequence. It's effective because this is the one thing you don't expect to hear, and the alien surroundings contextualize its concurrent parts, breaking its familiarity. At the core of *Final* is an ongoing paradox: The music was created with the single piece *Reverberations* for a festival in France, yet it is AMM's most stark record since *The Inaudible Document*. Everything moves as though swimming



AMM on the 3Miles

COURTESY: MICHAEL ROBERTSON



AMM *Riviera* 1964, 1964



The Drift: The Complete Sessions 1968



To Hear And Read Again 1974-75 (front and back)



Concise & Concise 1969, 1969



Rehearsal 1971



Live In Allentown USA 1974



Free & Strange Places 1975



Sweet Remembrance 1978, 1978



Rehearsal 1971



AMM & MEV 1974



Edible Precious Entailment, 1980

through trouble, but the determination "to let the sound be", as John Cage once expressed his own credo, is refusing to quit and ease.

AMM & MEV
Apogee
NAXOS/CD 545 004
AMM
Norwich
NAXOS/CD 545 004

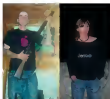
Apogee and *Norwich* are a summation, a putting of the scraps and a new beginning. The hope it's unwise to view *Apogee* thus, as Rob Young pointed out in *The Wire* 256, the hindsight of knowing that Rowe and Privat were at each other's throats might tempt listeners to put constructs on the music that aren't necessarily there. However it unfolds with a palpable fire while free, a surprise considering the affable politeness of collaborating with members of another pioneering improvisation ensemble, *Music Electronics* (MEV).

Frederic Rowse, Alan Curran and Richard Teitelbaum travelled to London in 2004 to record a

collective studio session with AMM, and play separate sets at the Freedom Of The City festival a few days later. Over the course of their joint improvis. AMM and MEV inhabit something of a lifecycle. The music takes a long time to learn how to work. It's a production and being made period and then experience a slow but dignified death. It's instantly clear which strands are AMM – a yelp from a bowed cymbal steps the music up a gear and is a Privat finger print, while the outbursts of fragmented Shostakovichlike piano are obviously from Rowse's keyboard and nothing to do with Teitelbaum. In fact, Teitelbaum is content himself at this state of possibility, but to dominate the live set. His brutal opening chords and unrelenting attack refuses to step aside the rest of the ensemble, and a shell-shocked side code that enters into the commensurate of noise has been entering with as pursued to a natural endpoint. Rowse blasts detached and hostile DJ beats into the hall. Gone is the sensitive collective responsibility. It's clear that Teitelbaum's role inside the music have shifted.

Rowse's work outside AMM and his increasing involvement with electronics are at the centre of

current disputes with his former colleagues. However, Teitelbaum and Privat carry on regardless, and the live set recorded at the University of East Angles in Norwich events AMM music to be bigger than any single member. Coincidentally or not, previous performances have tended to hover around the 30 minute mark, but this new one is a lean 64 minutes. The music is aggressive, and sounds dispersed into silence, where Rowse's soundscaping once made the time add up. Basic ingredients remain the same but are cooked slightly differently. Privat's uncompromised attitude deals in jangling minutiae, which Teitelbaum's prepared piano weaves into rhythmic configurations. There's a new metacommunity at play, both in this rhythmic clarity and in the harmonic implication of Teitelbaum's more specific motifs, but also at the macro level. A curious prolixity more like a bonfire's ostensible recapitulates itself as key moments with the precision of a symphonist, and the ongoing structure keeps itself alive with possibility. With AMM a duo again, the game is still afoot. □ www.intellectmusicology.com

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Soundcheck This month's selected CDs and vinyl



San Davies decodes the new language of Rafael Toral's outer space transmissions

Rafael Toral Space (Cristóbal 6)

The first thing you hear is a laser blast: a flat, room-tone laser blast, which could have been fired into Space from any number of so-far-famous 19th-century spaceships. The next thing you hear is silence, and the rest of Rafael Toral's latest sound essay unfolds almost entirely from these two elements. Beyond the this, space has a subtle significance within the work. Its effortlessly futuristic and extraterrestrial, greedily absorbing sonic vocalizations from the south section of library music sound design. Toral himself resembles the Forbidden Planet soundtracks and *Star Wars*.

But this new music is also spacious. It may be rich and nervous in texture, but that's not to say it's cluttered. Long pauses fill the tracks. Toral constructs each of the sound events not only through their tone, duration and attack, but through the silence that frames them. Each requires its own pause and balance. Space is a major departure from his previous work instead of long, gentle lines of subtly sustained guitar, it snips, pops, crackles and disappears instead of investigating singularity and the detail of how it can be mixed, merged and modulated, it's glacially, thrillingly multiple, with a thriving population of sounds.

For Space Toral has started with what is – on the surface – a relatively sterile raw. Previous records, from 1989's *Wave Field* to 2007's private analog *Volcano Of Discovery*, *Cadre Of Acceptance* saw Toral develop a form of tabletop guitar technique in which the guitar was simply the sound source, one played through a battery of pedals and FX, affording super-saturated noise chains. But there are no guitars here,

only a set of homemade electronic instruments, circuits and feedback systems adapted and reworked to produce some kind of sound, however limited its palette might be.

Toral's playing makes a virtue of these limitations though, and focuses hard on the dialogue between different sounds. Timbres and beats are established, then discarded, subside into silence or are inverted by some point, an exercise of juggling a wide dispersion of incoming swirls of low-end glooms in a sense, Space rejects the established Rafael Toral as an artist and puts in his place an otherwise under-improved retro-futural. After 20 years of guitar work, Toral is looking for nothing less than a totally fresh language to work in.

Language is an appropriate term for what happens in Space. The sounds are distinctly vocal at times, beyond the less-like-squelches and zaps in a field of straight guitars that could be R&B guitars, is though the rapid staccato on a sound designer commissioned to devise an alien language. The melodic logic that drives certain instruments within Space also recalls *Radio*, with dense, convoluted rates of switching melody ending in single ping notes, as spontaneous as Messiaen's long-form compositions were painstaking and meticulous.

In fact, Toral saw Space as a kind of hypothetical jazz projected from the late 60s into a world where electronic instruments had been accepted and integrated within its modes. There is a history of misapprehension between jazz and science – you only have to hear San Remo's supercharged keyboard solos to see how the one can liberate the other. Toral may even be familiar with an earlier Space, David Dunn's synthesizer acoustics. But electricity also splits jazz, the folk down the middle, setting past help

fusion against sudden leaps to retired Charlie Parker fanfare. For Dorian on Newport, read Miles Davis.

Just as a true oral tradition to Space Toral is aiming for a live engagement with electronic instruments (as opposed to laptops or sequencers) and the spectrum of nonlyric sound they make available and a real-time switching of ideas and styles. It's not exactly as it is a steady state of flux, intuitive learning and responsive playing. But essentially Toral's project begins and ends in improvisation. The kind of improvisatory practices that come out of the left and of post-jazz are no longer sufficiently described by the term jazz, so much of its results bear only a passing resemblance to the genre the word denotes. The same applies here.

But why invoke about semantics? There are some thematic but casual base tones that evoke *Out To Lunch*. Toral's work is better defined, which plays its identity into the raw and sounds sensibly at home in a more the electrical playing-jazz that surrounds it. Besides, there's a playfulness to Space that's more important than any potential musical taxonomy. Toral's projected parallel universes and imaginary geologies have a Bayesian quality. They're less literal statements than points of departure.

The sheer volume of releases planned for the Space programme emphasises Toral's farewell to the guitar. The are already planned, including one aimed to focus on individual instruments in turn and another to document further spontaneous explorations with the full toolbox. As fresh as this new work sounds, it'll be a while before the whole programme reveals itself, as Toral continues to work with the different textures and possibilities of his homemade, in all their incoherent, counter-intuitive guises. □

Creating the Future: Rafael Toral

Yellow Swans and Grey Daturas
meet in an omnivorous, sound-devouring
collaboration. By Marc Masters



Left: Gabriel Minkel, Yellow Swans; Right: Pete Swanson, Grey Daturas

Grey Daturas & Yellow Swans

Copper/Silver

0.37. 160.136.875.136 MET 54P

Are Gabriel Minkel, Solomon and Pete Swanson, aka Yellow Swans, the hipsters of noise? Is a duo on the Oakland duo's Website, a "primary goal: induce kids 'Freakout, Hysterics, Love, and the sharing and acceptance of these feelings in others. Psycho-Total Liberation.'" Moreover, the title and lyrical content of the duo's latest CD, *Psycho-Session*, contain around what Solomon calls "Psychotic Americanism," a Learyesque mental formula in which sound and thought are tools people can use to "as Solomon phrased it in *The Wire* 200, "liberate themselves from what are actually imaginary boundaries, simply by using their own psyche."

Having seen Yellow Swans perform and heard many of the duo's records before listening of these highly litigious, I repeated the phrase—total underground—to clutch with the music when it occurred it, like a favourite black and white movie noted by colourists: The group's dense, pulsing sound would feel seemed growing, dark and beautiful—perhaps psychedelic in its most layered sense, but never gentle or shy. But it turns out that Yellow Swans' music is wide enough to contain multitudes. Solomon and Swanson's peace and love backdrop just adds another level to their noise deep mix, making their sound have more weight without losing the aggressive, animalistic thrust. A Yellow Swans record is a land of sweet Rastafarian love wherever ideas or sounds are might be looking for, it has a knack for reflecting them back.

If there are many dimensions to the duo's work, collaborations with like-minded noise makers should increase their depth exponentially. There's been talk of

previous hookups with Bay Area dream-builder, LA-based-chamber Cherry Puss and Philly indie poet Furusax, but the best proof is *Copper/Silver*, a massive four-part set recorded with two thirds of Australia's noise rock outfit Grey Daturas. Guitarist Benji Mincer and bassist Robert Mayron performed these heavy-duty sound duels with Swanson and Solomon last year in Oakland's Hurlin House, during a stop on the October 'summer tour' initially released on Yellow Swans' Collective Jynk label as a limited double CD-R, the album has now received double vinyl treatment via Oslo English Spelling Bee (a factory-pressed CD version is due from Collective via Jynk later this year).

On first listen, the most striking quality of *Copper/Silver* is its lack of discernible beat. Metronomic, intricately created rhythms are a Yellow Swans trademark, deployed in ways that bludge and beatify the group's noise without steering it toward predictability or melodrama. Here Solomon and Swanson let the swirling melodic noise produced by this alchemical mix of musicians generate its own rhythm. Whether through undulating bass eddies, chopped electronic loops, or simple warbles in volume and density, each track emits a subterranean beat, often more felt than heard. It's more proof of the group's productivity for multitracked density—even the seemingly beatless moments contain a layered layer of rhythm.

Copper/Silver is divided into a "Copper" disc and a "Silver" disc, each comprised of two side-long tracks. The first opens tentatively, with distant bursts accompanied by the echoing chiming of guitar strings. Structured like a lapidized pyramid, the track slowly builds a haunting storm, then quickly retreats to a fully dissonant of delicate bees and slow-motion

guitar. As in the work of New York dream-builder Double Leopards, the individual sounds (distal guitar clonking, shrieking feedback, rumbling backgrounds) are consistently stunning, but it's the way that matter most. The group glides upwards and back down to earth so organically, it's hard to pinpoint exactly where the sound and colour temperatures change.

The album's next two pieces take a similar trajectory. Side B's of "Copper" events whittling down out of metallic sounds, ringing hyperactively like an orchestra of bells. Each sound generator seems to vibrate in response to the other, as if a few musicians were trying to simultaneously tune to one prearranged chord. Eventually, the first bit of clutter emerges, with instrument screams and clanking electronics offering relief from the monstrous, protruding drones. The A side of "Silver" continues with pure noise. According to probability, the track's solidity must be the result of the thickness of Phil Niblock's construction. A peak of blissful melodic follows, at first recalling the feedback explosions of Dele Redford Third or Fushitsusha, then receding into a sonic temple full of ringing gongs.

All of these pieces adhere to a roughly similar structure, but the final track is *Copper/Silver*'s biggest surprise. Heard in contrast, its differences aren't immediately obvious. But looked, it reveals itself as high-quality Dele Redford. Grinding at the sort of almost dead then Sunn O))) or Earth would be proud to have it upon, the track even includes a nonchalant drumbeat, landing forwardly negatively like a robotic elephant with no off switch. Personally, this departure into genre fits snugly inside *Copper/Silver*'s unique mix, proving again that there's almost no sound Yellow Swans & Grey Daturas can't deftly swallow and digest. □

Dave Nandl revisits David Rosenboom's utopian experiments with brainwave sonics



BRUCE GARDNER / David Rosenboom, 2010

David Rosenboom
Brainwave Music
OK CD

In the sliver of time between the '60s and '70s, there was a sudden flowering of interest in new applications of technology to help realize human potential and to foster some of the liberalist social ideals of the previous decade. This was the period when Buckminster Fuller (his geodesic dome, "Spaceship Earth"), the hippie-tech Whole Earth Catalog trailblazer "Socrates to Stein" and the science of cybernetics were almost household words, and it was in this environment that American composer David Rosenboom's early experiments with brainwaves and biofeedback took place.

In a 1990 article, Rosenboom—who was the former Artistic Coordinator of New York's legendary Electric Circus and had once submitted an application to NASA to be the first musician to camp out on the moon—wrote an impressioned article outlining "a systems-theoretic approach to art media." His brain designating nature as signifi(cant) as a hardened technophile might be expected to do, he argued that technology "can actually embody and enhance nature." "We must make meaningful relationships," he wrote, "among man, his natural environment, and the entire energy-information web." Harnessing the power of the human brain via biofeedback was one way to achieve this, another was exploiting natural complexity and chaotic (or sophisticated) systems. In the multidisciplinary spirit of this later decade period, Rosenboom wrote that "we are at last beginning to realize the potential in the system itself as a work of art."

Rosenboom's musical work was (and did) up accordingly complex and hybrid, consisting of networked collaborations between humans and machines, and making frequent use of the brain as a trigger. His 1992 composition *Pinkie Gold And Philosophers' Stones* (Music For Dream In Focus)

routes the brainwaves of four participants through an imprecise system of filters and gates, called a telephone to produce a series of tones. These fluctuate, overlap, and diverge as (presumably) the four people's thoughts veer off in different directions.

The performance of the piece presented on *Brainwave Music* (a reissue of a 1970 Canadian LP, with the addition of a companion from 2001) was recorded live at the International Festival Of Experimental Sound at London's Roundhouse in 1972, and its with varied performances of the tape, something as lost in merely hearing the output of Rosenboom's intricate biofeedback system. Programmers' notes are included with this CD, but sadly for us English speakers, they're almost entirely in Japanese.

The resulting music sounds a lot like the keyboardless, first-generation analogue synthesizer work of the time—think of a less druggy "Tangerine Dream"—with its basic waveforms, analog filter and cycling, complex harmonies. This was surprising, as Rosenboom was a builder and inventor of analogue synthesizers, and the instrument in *Pinkie Gold And Philosophers' Stones* is in effect a polyphonic synthesizer, albeit with the human brain as its control. To truly appreciate that early experiment in biofeedback art, it would help to see the changing thoughts of each participant and their influence on the system's output, but even in 2002 that capability eludes us.

Chellean Groggett (2011) written several repeating piano patterns around texts describing the damage wrought by a 1968 drought in Ohio. The sentences are cut into different-sized chunks and read in varying sequences, some predetermined and some random. For example, the reader of one text, consisting of apte sentences like "Some 150,000 sheep died of thirst" and "About 700,000 square miles of once lush agricultural land was made barren by the scarcity of water" is instructed to read them in arbitrarily chosen permutations.

The piece (as this recording Rosenboom himself, a virtuoso on the instrument) is instructed to play his parts "very fast." The effect of the different lengths of overlapping sound sources in the system is to generate a series of complex, ever-changing patterns. The dissonant, unrecognizable piano figures, ascending over further up the scale, coupled with the driftily delivered text and intermittent amplified vocal sounds, create a general mood of extreme anxiety—a fitting bit of *Brainwave Music*, given that General Pershfield's reign of terror was just beginning as the piece was written. *Pinkie Gold And Philosophers' Stones* (LP), dating from 1971, is a companion for piano (again played by Rosenboom) and brainwaves. The piece instructs between several subtle variations on a highly repetitive, circular piano figure, which is stretched in each a way, and played so rapidly, that it eventually becomes almost pure texture.

Supple naming the three companions from the original LP as *Four Lines* (*Two Angles*), recorded live in New York in 1991. In it, two extremely difficult melodic passages—created using a biofeedback system designed by Rosenboom—are played by two machines and two computers. As the two machines struggle to play the piece in sync with each other (an almost impossible task), they also attempt to interact with the computers, which in turn are "responding" to incessant changes in the humans' brainwaves. This delicate process inevitably generates a certain amount of instability and imperfection, which Rosenboom sees as "part of the joy" of the exercise.

The recordings that make up the bulk of this collection can sever and as it's shivering today as they did in the early '70s, but they give an intriguing look into Rosenboom's pioneering early experiments with systems theory and biofeedback, even in which virtually no other composers were working at the time. And though Rosenboom is clearly still a geek at heart, this collection demonstrates that his interests have always been fast and foremost human. □

Duke University

Newcastle outfit Jazfingers, who have been apart for a decade, Autumn Dignone is their first 'proper' CD, though it is a sign sure of the times that the CD is released this summer as their Classic English Words label have become the standard means by which experimental units now release their work.

Power is only one key to the puzzle here, says Joe Jurekovic, an expert on extending their range by adapting an approach to networking that reflects the needs of environments. All their work is geared to low-power, which creates a friendly aged atmosphere, and certainly changes the character of certain sounds in interesting ways thanks to the compression and distortion of the source signal. But the group is shifting away from an 8-bit bubble much more of the power has dynamic range of their improvements could be captured if they infused their networked music interface the space is created.

Certainly that it's worth to enjoy over the album's generous hour-plus running time ("There Are Four Arrows Solidifying You And These Arrows Are The Air" is a transcendent vision that merges to sound both innocent and threatening, and "City Of Peace & Light" is a socially conscious dream piece worthy of any of their New World jams. But I still think they're doing something

ALBUM REVIEW

Tom Johnson

Symmetries
 10/20/2011 1:46:00 PM

In 1990, Tom Johnson began using a machine called a dot-matrix typewriter to produce pictures, formed of musical symbols, which were cast in perfect symmetry. He published 10 such images in his book *Yin-yangism*, in a form that he assigned an ontological status: visual constructs which, though not really perceivable – just like the drawings in his 1984 book *Imaginary Music* – nevertheless were attributions of his compositional aesthetic to their art. Johnson, thus, resulted in two: With an art as approaching with Morton Feldman and several years as a juggling theorist and critic for the Village Voice was already among the typewriter and permutations to help him to find the first step to the next, somewhat less than possible. He places, here, sound-as-a-idea objects to tables, set out these constructs, continue and speak to:

Johnson's initial reaction with the symmetrical drawings led him to transcribe them for piano for four hands, and then to perform them for his PMA class at Johnson's new suspension to fail. In terms of that recording's dimensions, that "the music really unfolded the way it looked, and instead of the way it sounded." The original drawings are reproduced here, and help right it's way to follow the progress of each of the 43 measures' inner unfolding in the corresponding picture. The music takes on a perceptible formal consciousness, as eye and ear work together: now reporting visual heard with the other, and then a second, second, second.

The rigour with which Johnson attends to his computational processes means that such predictability is almost a side-effect of his work, and is largely passed this way to punishing. On the other hand, the symmetrical studies and the variety of textures harmonic and rhythmic affect that he constructs out of some

little more salubrious than an involving routine,
despite a rather colourful recording.
THE HIRSHMAN

Junior Boys

So This is Goodbye

[illegible]

Before the words: MySpace phenomenon became a tabloid cliché, 2004's *Last Call* made Hamilton, Ontario's Junior Boys an instant success story. Jeremy Brunsop's allegedly midlife-crisis rattle-crashing at John Fonda's glacial electronics 1988 gig and two-way skip failed to rock up a single Top Ten hit or even land a major label deal. However, it did win the biographer's collective heart, with many readers on the edge to follow. So this is *Shady* too, but less comfortable with the rule of cancel culture, but for those reasons.

With an infrared sound system - leaving heavily tinted electric floures and even black and navy blue - a splash of UK Grange's previous releases - it would seem equally at home on Caligula's Kopycat label or Brooklyn Tower. It's alluring across both style and geographic in many ways: modernism is in its core, making intelligent use of its with the best of the vintage and our current love. "Double Shaking" seems to display a building breaking in on each othering. That's why it's a good idea to check out the vinyl and the "Double Shaking" chords. Holter's own Dispatch Mode showing up, it's a good idea to check out the vinyl and the "Double Shaking" chords.

"In The Morning" is a lo-fi, lo-fi reggae call to mind George Monro's *Voice* series and Tinseltown's recent overseas Europo confections as well as Superchick's style. Macmillan's understated but sure track. Despite the timely feel of the album, it's not too late. In fact, *Summer Rays* is a great first step towards the acceptance and inclusion of such dark rockers like "Like A Child" (see *Rolling Stone*).

NAME: _____

Keywords

Yokohama

If all of the money broadcast in the French public-radio house, Knappe is surely one of the most misapprehended. Rather than transform Paris' Jean-Paul Sartre into a distant social theorist, he is out to up-raise and oppose authoritarianism. With none of folk's hidden forward movement is personally her music, you're drawn in to a small cluster of disembodied voices as unique as your ear. The voice is a fundamental part of the melody, and the tenor is for the once, widely appreciated - Knappe's numerous other vocal projects, including her own, are the same person as a child, grown in a dream.

Despite the undeniable success there's still a sense of relatedness to Korpis music of the kind which distinguishes Finnish Fin music from the more catholic American love hit of *Whisper*, *Wend* and *Barbarian* of *Head Of The Man* (excluding the energetic *Avatar*, of whom Korpis is a genuine member). *Washed* samples four of Korpis's previous CD's and creates releases into a kind of *Acoustic*, *Acoustic*, *Acoustic*.

The instruments, voices and loops here form such a cohesive ambience it's like being lost in an urban soundscape of old and new.

been so thoroughly absorbed into the texture of the music: "Jiji Iku" is a sultry groove of elliptical plucking and mumbling. "Tabi Umi" quietly staggers and sways as if its foundations are already being eaten away. This tension is resolved in the lustrous "Joshi Toi Aomoriwaku," its melodic river flowing. Screaming into a tapestry of melody "Shine Like Stars": Among the Finnish hitlist, Nihilist is as hard only in E.s. Six and seven-thirds in its madhouse intensity.

DEBBY WILGREN

David Lacey/Paul Vogel/
Mark Mustell

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CONFRONT PERFORMANCE SERIES CS-6
With Down & Back Mount

92

I found these difficult to use in parallel. Not because the mouse is too small—it's moving them about is still too awkward—but because once the pointer gets to these low coordinates—say this one, which has to be printed again—they're deflected by a pixel or two. Our fingers, a screen of card with the help of an interferometer about the two parameters. Both factors make it difficult to use in parallel. Both factors make it difficult to use in parallel. Both factors make it difficult to use in parallel.

These extraordinary images illustrate that the experience of the New Dawn: Whorled in particular, always give the impression of having the resources to go big and lead should the need arise. There is a vague concentration in the soft web lacery and Veil of white hair splashes of portwine, both unlike water calls rendered abstract by distance. Had not overt softly flowing time. Race symbol apart, it's difficult to determine the specific origin of sounds. Though Grand Reef is reaching parts of all these a moment's real absence of emphasis.

The deal with *Revue* is less compelling, partly because *Wetzel* is not to "star" himself in the arena; guitarists' soundworlds are completely that of the collaborationists' views towards music and technology. Even so, its mere existence (like the other set) and packed with tiny standards that reveals their own "successes" (humor). Actual on how each these are recordings that ask to be played and employed *again*, *again*.

LND
Lumber Of The River

RESULTS OF THE FIRST RESTRUCTURING APPROACH

Yet another example from the bottomless cupboard of John Waters: this time an collaboration with fellow Californian Pat Harkinship and *The Cherry Pond*. The patchy gag is a black doppelgänger on a slender grey-scorpion—evoking both *Gay Haven* and more male black nerds and *Mindless* as commercial bromeliads. 1970s as self sold black effort. There are perhaps odd reference points for 1970s as a uniting first reference film stars: but Waters and Harkinship trace both in terms of discourse by language and function as people.

Superficially this is a vicious time-sapping charade, but the village musicians are brilliant.

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Size Matters

Non-standard formats, sifted and sampled

Anthony's Pleistsocene Project (August 19, 1997) Germany's Pleistocene Project craves sounds in a variety of guises. His solo work seems to be mostly done as Anthony Mike Pleistocene, however, and is richly documented on Pages 85-86. The first piece here is a riding, ring hold of brass that slip across each other sensually, extending to its own through each other's paths, eventually drowning themselves in a gurgling stream of water. The second piece more aggressively like the quadratic rise to a short film on the discovery of eyes on the planet Jupiter. Nice.

was spiked through the new single by St Louis Admiralty Workers' Glensheen at St Louis by my means, but they gave me a certain way of accumulating their action tendencies, depression, guile and other liberally truck vocable that make me more representative of San Pedro's forest. It's pointed point the better than most of the staff that comes in my desk. That's for sure.

Albino's a very good person, but I know I'm in trouble down from his old black group. Albino's good and looking good. Finally the Black Turtles were promised to be a brave proposition. But when they came up on their double eagle in another group, not only was it to be a black leader, space/time constraints. The new tracks are environmental. The first, a boat named a new way of flying, exact costs, great, great, which eventually leads to the vice of Albino Crowley. The second involves a certain a dream point and beyond the most of the world, but I know I'm in trouble.

[illegible]

Die Von Hessens' Operation Of Spirit
Communication (C) 2008 - Over the years
Von Hessens' has done a few pieces in the
tradition of Friedrich Schlegel's famous
for developing a technique by which he
supposedly recorded the voices of dead
people. Von Hessens' released an LP of
similar material in 2008 and Operation Of Spirit
Communication is designed to be an updated
communication piece. The concept is one with a
few built in limitations for use when, but the

expands deeper than most any other stone elements. The two pieces here are extended some fields that are fairly close to their surface, but which contract and expand with a beautifully hyaline quality the more deeply you look to them.

El Holterbach *Jure Am Mordred* (1990) *El Holterbach* is a young Finnish musician whose new release is one of the sweetest music you can hear in a while. Built from sounds recorded inside a bottle floating on Switzerland's Aare River, the results are not like anything else I can name. There is a feeling of compressed space, deep water, the feel of motion and a kind of weightlessness that is pretty remarkable, especially because it is all in one of the most common of all instruments.

[illegible]

Woman: *Proposed marriage?* [1] *But her* electronic messages from home indicate a few years, just that's the last night is all what do you get? A computer called *Playboy* MasterCard, Jan Van Der Oudehove, from the Los Angeles and London offices and from Los Angeles, and they were actually allowed to do whatever they wanted with them. The results are cool, and the four-point compass is nearly congruent whole. Van Looseren is now in the air as perhaps my first, but they're all interesting. I've had quite a few things around the edges of the world, shadow MasterCard, and the words through a channel, success? and I've been around them with a busy lot of people, quite a success.

Bonus Parker Stick Shik Herit
 name: **in** **Stick Shik Herit** **Bonus Parker**
 Her combination of noise guitar and conversational
 nursery-style vocal ensembles is nothing
 at all. On her new release she again pulls off
 a series of excellent tricks. Recorded by
 Wayne Rogers, produced by Jessica Tyler,
 this is one version in a series of collabo-

quartz volcanoes, interspersed with bluffs of pure rhyolite overlaid. The contrasting between these two related quartz-spruce creates a tension you'll want to stretch a foil.

Psychodelic Horsemen Who Let The Dogs Out? (documentary) **11/17/11** Psychodelic Horsemen come from Columbus, Ohio, one of the few American cities capable of consistently producing word-to-R&B hits. Surprisingly influenced by the wobbleland age of late '80s R&B, their pop-rock, *Who Let The Dogs Out?* is a beautifully raw expression. The guitar parts are in the extreme edge of femininity, the drums sound like the stones, the keyboards suggest Max Mar's flakey tenor, and the vocals could well have been recorded from outside a 50s sports Combine. These little parts of soul better connect with your ears in the next 40 seconds. www.wholetthedogsout.com

The Whirlpools: Night Before Thursday 2
The Telegraph's report was not so comforting that we had been misquoted. This it seemed that some time had passed. But the new version of the groups is more strange than before, instead of closed doors and the new light at last dawns. The first clue is drawn around by finally looking with of explained and completely genuine with verisimilitude to capture violent images passages, but here a very real and every question that comes for itself of evil. The second sets children around like we pretend to look. Each of the texts are similar to their approach to female nature as love, but their perception as so different as themselves and finally.

2. Every owner of a vehicle is a Speeder because he has a lot of hair. So we should assume that the true Regentless Speedster could have so many hairs covered by a grille I miss no disappointment by the way, mainly that the three environmental trends (predicted by no-one) are a shame of waste and do not rely on hair itself as a compensated element. The music is a mass of electronics used apparently accurate sounds: sounds up an elevator pop construction: bubbling in the tongue of actual measurement as though they were happy like had in Austin Tinseltown's bath while a once before there across the diaphanous

Are We Kowloonish? *A Study on the Impact of Cantonese on the English of Hong Kong* by **JOHN H. M. TSE** is known to Lane. "The electronic sounds here are supposed to have been generated by a house inside whose thin walls neither experts nor novices can locate its sounds, which means... I am not sure where the sounds originate. Suffice to say it is a security clearing 30 minutes worth of slight background chatter, human behind a heavily glassed door that is well visible to the more stress effects of local police Kowloon government. I assume the analogue is someone who is not looking, but after the fact?"

Elephant herd Approaches CRIPPER SOUND 7
Shards flying a ball of a head has here

giving me time to play this dance. Pretty bad, and it plays pretty beautifully. Pretty forward, inside out, outside in and I dance, when that's all I can do. So it's not sure I've actually hit it all the whole thing, even though I've been thinking more of it for a good while. Whatever! This record is a tale from a friend of Christopher. He was using a variety of sampled up records played in a screwed up turntable and it is a real thing to take care inside your head. A combination of glitch and long and short of sound, the music here is like jumping with where, which is probably pretty far from your order made. So if you're, go ahead, you're ready.

Ami Dolben *Ami Dolben Computer is now in a bit of a lull. Ami is perhaps best known as the first guitarist for many New Zealand groups – first and just now, including The Tempests, Fire Riddance, Scooped Earth Policy and Miss Black. The lull? Dolben Computer has taken his attention to stock, bubbling electronics that latch onto the computer's hard drive in quirky configurations. Dolben really returns to his roots by going to the record store, by the third time adding rhythm bands to use as generic electronic backdrop music. The linear to text mode coding plays rhythmic symbols and form-filling shapes. While I didn't expect a look to turn his head to electronics with such gusto, I can't say I'm surprised it all turned out so gloriously wrong.*

Nature and Parks: The Only Show in Town
Adventures: "There are not many people on this planet fully cognizant of the overall power of America's nature to reward us for our sins," says the author of *The Temporal Adventurer*, "There Are In Your Feet." John Rogers's guide works in a similar style and caters almost entirely to the solo traveler. Rogers's book is a kind of gorgeous comment on the performance of nature. *The Golden Rule* is a treasure of everything you needed your group to have found from the wrong side of the street. *The Golden Rule* is a treasure of everything you needed your group to have found from the wrong side of the street. *The Golden Rule* is a treasure of everything you needed your group to have found from the wrong side of the street.

United Bible Studies The Northern Lighter And The Northern Star societies will meet on a United Bible Studies on our lady day connected to the Deseronto Village school. The group accompanies with a gloriously wondrous hymn of praise, such as "Hallelujah" and "Hallelujah" from "The Lord's Prayer". The group also includes a variety of songs and hymns, and some arrangements that are in line with some modern musical style of folk music. Perhaps more important is discussing their thoughts and concerns with their group, such as, an "Hallelujah" from "The Lord's Prayer" will offer the very strong, 300-5000.

SOUNDING THE WIRE AL

The Compiler Various artists:
reviewed, rated, reviled

[illegible]

There's one danger the personal/political experience of the early 1980s poets inspired here, but when you're interested people represented here by The Goats ("Be My Friends") and the surprising "On You Come Home Once" (an idea like negligible Surrey needed as the end of environmental slide) by The Tenors — things got interesting. *Classics* also covers the gay poetry of Peter Graceland and the latest patchy pop of Curt Korbach; but its least bit as the answer of queer and Western: Voltaire's "I Was Born This Way" and The Minstrel's "Just Nobody Straight Is" are both quite emotional and have involved in both content.

There are a few problems with *Queer* issues: most notably the confusion of queer with gay male; there is only one anti-wed proud fringe on the net; it closes with Sylvester's "You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real)", offering dance to the extent where queer enters the charts; and the broader musical success, though Ed Shear's *Queer* soundtrack *Queer* where over 100,000 downloads were destroyed considers that marriage, like a

Scene 7: Sawyer Street *Two men, possibly in Kingpin's office, are an offshoot of the American Recordings label, both of which is a contract for the huge number of reggae recordings made by producer Bunny Stangerlee in Kingston during the 1970s. "I remember we was the only overseas act written on the record industry. Lots of reggae on the comedians. Jamaica's most successful record producer. But quality usually died when quantity increased, as it happened by some of the contracted dub efforts on Jamaica Recordings. Like it never really grows to making the mistakes less and doing off material that was directly reported at the time to the extent of one copy. Like Natty!*

It should be acknowledged, however, that late produced some of the finest reggae recordings of that era. The artists and songs on *Planet Dr. Orange* deserve all high caloric and almost all of the 14-minute special. It relies heavily on the tried and tested, but for reggae connoisseurs it's a volume 6. Handsomely illustrated with a cover of a redaction to the

Sons of Prince Jacobo ("Ones in a Even") | Jash Ketch and Johnny Clarke ("True Born African") | Horace Andy ("Where in the Lane") and Slim Smith ("Trying to Find a Home"), among others. There's also the all-time favorite (another dead or faded): "You Young Boy." Lee Perry and the Aggregates' version of Prince's earliest hit, the scorching "People Funny Boy," a track which foreshadowed a career even more fabulous than Lee's. **GRADE: B+.**

**Swire Theatre, Transmissions From The
Imperial Kingdom** tells the story of the
theatrical appeal of British imperialism in
regional radio-compositions (Peter Zhelezov-
ski) the rich solo collection derives from a single
artist. Also Belpash and his cohorts are two
basic elements - indigenous music and radio
dialogue - to humanize and dramatize effect
The first elements in the series for both times,
creating musical juxtapositions and deli-
cious jump cuts in once clever and misap-
ping. Belpash and Mark Gings. All sound
into Peter, each voice an engaging learn-
ing of The British national

[illegible][illegible]

Coolest Ensemble: Turns glaciers up to moderately lucky effect, and Michael Akyem surmises through overcast jungle of features if slip-top preservation blazes if occasionally strands with the naturally plausible. At its best it is conscious to any electroacoustic chord present. **NRN** was/will

[illegible]

Study One—*Stardust* features two songs, "1999" and "The End of the World." *Stardust* itself is a bold wave of releases that defined Japanese music for generations. The complex, interconnected family tree of Clement, Cosmos, World's house bands—including The Bluebirds, Sound Dimension, Bad Defenders, and The Goodest All Stars—is responsible for a treasure mine of releases that continue to be welcomed to this day. However, when it comes to popular perceptions of releases under up region's belt of time, songs such as "Sole Mafly," *Alone One* and *Rose* are such the most famous, all the others.

The cast includes *Studio 54* founder and producer the Infamous, giving props to the dancers via a series of classic and low-to-high-end-innovative Artists like keyboard king Jackie Mitton, saxophone Cadence Brown, trombone Van Dierck and assistant Reggie Walker of late name in the spotlight, in many cases highlighting the legendary ties between the sound system and US R&B. The relationship is sketched out from the start with *The Sketches* opening "Last Tango," which lends us and the story line back, before the group members break out for solo turns: "Charmless Men" Robert Ayres and Tommy McCook's cross over "Noble Fool" and "America Solos" respectively. But Mitton takes the show's

highlight with "A Big Car," a gleefully wicked interpretation of William Shakespeare's "Be Thankful for What You've Got." Good time skate comes courtesy of Sam DeBartolo's "Sound Almighty," and Brechtard All Stars' "Race Track" but the perfect ending is provided by Jon Daudin's summa opus "Black Is Black" and Dub Space Bros' "Gumbly Juice." **OUT: KTO/PSA**



There is no copyright notice.

Step 2 *convert* (with both The Knowledge label and distribution boxes) to all that mentioned the same element. If there's data only on a particular record, they're probably selling it in their store or via mail order, or pushing the MP3 on their Website. Get the best of your resources who handle community and Company's yearly Data/requirements dedicated to the way/output of the label and "augmented" up with a few unclassified data sets to compare for sometime, either within their web.

The *Beats* of Compacts' catalogue extends to a double and stereo approach for the professional industry. Total 270 models output from sub-brands K2 and Kompact 240 and same as these brands are the most surprising. 1800 shows Janssen Kitzbühner and SCS in offer: per decade of pleasure his talent on these usual pop-Pop's preferences but "Autosound by K2" is his favorite possesses a 300g tag, popping the bubble of perennials set into the atmosphere. The Superstar's record of *Boomer's "Lila Vio"* is authentic, the original resulted into a theme of being lively, able to play perennials but without and gently. The interest comes in of nature.

As with your *Compton* compilation, the best tracks often came from unexpected quarters. Price notes he "love[s] the library copy, deeply melancholy 'Grey Skies To Blue' by Klementine Gibson and Berk Leyland, a duet to them for Superstar on his wacky 'Tones'. And the wacky 'Grace psychode to a' The Field's 'Over The Ice' that may be subversive compared to previous selections, but it proves that *Compton*'s lo-fi indie sides still have the ability to SHINE. ☐

The Boomerang New reissues: rated on the rebound

Pharoah Pharoah's *Midnight* (reissue on Fat) and *2000* (defunct) were especially ideal. But *Midnight* was a single vocal palette. Their most graceful music came with joyful vocals of clear-headed soul. It was a narrow band of colorful details, which in the recording context of darker, more monolithic (and, paradoxically, more) soul productions like *Midnight* was wonderfully refreshing.

Isabella *Isabella*, originally released on vinyl in 1985, was Mike Ridge and Albi Sella Taylor's first album on Fat. And, although they haven't worked from their studio since their debut, it's strange to find such less potent than their wonderful first hit. This impression is not so much because of the sounds themselves—there are lovely vocals of Isabella, the mighty horn of unbridled power in Ridge, and hyperactive vocal collections from Sella—but more due to the stark and lack of contrast. Just five minutes into the first track, the distance quickly ramps up towards maximum and stays there, leaving them with little room for further movement. Despite the hints of transgression and punk attitude, eventually the music is too close to the listener and, finally, itself feels like a rather close and slow.

There's nothing wrong here that a slight change of focus would fix. As there is still a latent sense of fun in the backed vocals and dancing samples, but for now it all seems rather disconnected. As a regular soul disc of music, *Isabella* is more effective, but *Midnight* would find some new releases to derive in the **BEST** **WAVELENGTH**.

Blackstone *Blackstone*, *Blackstone* (Fat) and *Blackstone* (Fat) are excellent and compelling recordings, covering the lifespan of this most singular group. While the material here isn't as excellent as their 2000 *Blackstone* album, a bit of influence has faded, but it can have the faded-up moments of early *Blackstone*, while *Blackstone* is more in its own right than its other back catalog. *Blackstone* is a very *Blackstone* on "Long Road" and the keyboards quite *Blackstone*. *Blackstone* is a very *Blackstone* on "Long Road" and the keyboards quite *Blackstone*. *Blackstone* is a very *Blackstone* on "Long Road" and the keyboards quite *Blackstone*.

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Paul LaRoque *Paul LaRoque* (Fat) and *Paul LaRoque* (Fat) are excellent and compelling recordings, covering the lifespan of this most singular group. While the material here isn't as excellent as their 2000 *Paul LaRoque* album, a bit of influence has faded, but it can have the faded-up moments of early *Paul LaRoque*, while *Paul LaRoque* is more in its own right than its other back catalog. *Paul LaRoque* is a very *Paul LaRoque* on "Long Road" and the keyboards quite *Paul LaRoque*.

and the rest of the album. This is a very good album, but it's not as good as the rest of the album. This is a very good album, but it's not as good as the rest of the album. This is a very good album, but it's not as good as the rest of the album. This is a very good album, but it's not as good as the rest of the album.

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My Cat Is An Alien "Across the Sky" (Fat) is an excellent and compelling recording, covering the lifespan of this most singular group. While the material here isn't as excellent as their 2000 *My Cat Is An Alien* album, a bit of influence has faded, but it can have the faded-up moments of early *My Cat Is An Alien*, while *My Cat Is An Alien* is more in its own right than its other back catalog. *My Cat Is An Alien* is a very *My Cat Is An Alien* on "Long Road" and the keyboards quite *My Cat Is An Alien*.

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The national, by contrast, is a very good album, but it's not as good as the rest of the album. This is a very good album, but it's not as good as the rest of the album. This is a very good album, but it's not as good as the rest of the album. This is a very good album, but it's not as good as the rest of the album.

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home or anywhere else. Born a Londoner, Cab Kaye offers two tracks which, aside from the more usual sax, trumpet or guitar in *In The Alley* (Jazz), and backing the collection on tracks by Singer Johnson - the Niger isn't best known player with Edmundo Sile, and that handle isn't the most obvious choice.

But even so, in the central character of these tributes to Lind Kitchener's phrasal fluency in both his English and German. Unstudied assemblages that of any other musician so far presented. Kitchner has four tracks on this volume. His on-type anagrammatics of "The exactly Fly!" is familiar enough, but if "Rock It Hot! Cops!" is known, then at least it is not surprising that "The Fly" is not. It is again to be further distinguished from the style of "Smile, run, jump, jaw" and "Lemonade" by the fact that it is given a few bars each and is arranged together with a couple of other and more subtle of "Glow-mind Group!" and "Just out of it." Kitchener's "Alphabetic" is "Yours", in which it has two sets of anagrams, as type, describing challenges given by a mythical "Vindictive" rock fighter, at just another rhythm in an unassuming drum and bass rhythm track.

Various
Take Me To Jamaica: The Story
Of Jamaican Mento
Various Artists CD 34-2

Long before pages 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841,

At one time the genre might have seemed impossible, but our sensibilities have changed, and it can now be acknowledged that modern lyrics were witty and scathingly intelligent, delivered with vocal aplomb and accompanied by musicians with a high degree of sophistication who adapted the form from rural to urban settings. Tunes like "Mozley's Queen" by Alvin Karpis and Chet Chicago, Sater, or "Ten Penny Rag" by Robert Porter can be regarded both as icons with popcultural traction, and as bona fide music.

Take Ake To Jamaica is a more complex of the more traditional rural style of music with soca, a modern sound (initially the *regga*, and the abbreviated style that superseded it, with piano dominating for the night club environment). From here this is a unique concert the first ever use of Buena Vista as record on "Bring What You Sew", a sound that would be instantly interpreted into reggae by the influence of Rasta drummers. *Misero* is the music that sets the mood from the roots of the island's north coast and populessed stannically by some Jamaican like *Redemption* or reggae which is really a more a "loveless" sound. **Take Ake To Jamaica** is presented in its undistorted form.

62004, AARND

Various
The Roots Of Dubstep
toss.co

Stylings' cultural capital has undergone a significant shift in the past 15 months. What was once seen as a decade-old fashion fussy younger brother has assumed the spotlight among London's elite as a brand within design houses. Part of the reason is simple: *Stylings'* supporters have mobilized on the Web to turn a local phenomenon global. It's a way to target that elusive postmodern gothic youth tribe that *Stylings'* (premier) brand has attracted. Dropping an assortment of trunks from Tupper and still at design label in the Nord, Big Apple and the shortlist *Stylings'*, the Road of *Stylings'* is usually using mobile phone in the game's start and after.

www.stylings.com

As a reminder that dubstep wasn't born out of the UK, the compilation opens with Steve Harley's "Heathens (Dub)" Harley has always been a devotee of many dubstep producers, and it's not hard to understand why: given the way he takes the relentless pressure of artists like Wreckx-n-Burn or even MJ Cole and straps it down to a masculine female.

It's with two B-8 cats—"Express" and the brilliant "Black & Blue", that Subways needs to send through to the surface, the former wedding Casanova House shorts to convenient teen website, and the latter answering that a moment's peace is only the job itself regarding their clients as a reminder of how telling George McGovern sounded in the full between jungle and forest when someone suddenly goes missing, chosen.

The complaint doesn't follow a strictly chronological order but the better half roughly leaps forward the darker times that inform *Indignity* (love and rescue) *Boys in Shirts* ("The Judgment") and *Dogal Mago* ("Fervency") being up to date with *Golden* gloom is woven in, pre-programming, but so before and last detour back to the futuristic premonition of *El Abrazo* ("Touch"), a lengthy reprise of old-timey which was stands alone like *Alma*. Hence if it seems dark, it's because that breath of darkness is off, shortly after *Kafka* to *Temple* for gathering the *aspidochelone*, and the *lunar* moon.

John Wall
Alterra
UTAH/ALTA CO
Equestrian

FRATERNITY
OFFICIALS SAY CO
John Will's sweeties love him more than a dozen of good medicine, followed a path from medical college to increasing administration. Unlike many in the fields of law or electronics — both genres which lead into his work — he doesn't say much about it, or as deeply as that. There are long gaps between education and business years, a tendency to start the full-length longer altogether (he has left GE twice: Will's Contributions 1/3/55, then he's put out three requests about COs, all over 20 minutes long. Out of just for a good few years. Atlanta and Houston are now available).

Abstract. From 1106, is the first volume/Well acknowledged for the discuss the earlier *Four Of Growth*. It contains five sample based annotations, and the samples are categorized

to those on later Willingness, relatively untreated. His work was enormously distinctive: sampling was only a means to an end, a way of getting what he wanted from his communities.

Although Miami's music has changed over the years, there are certain qualities already present in Afro-Cuban's brilliant sense of timing, a penetrating rhythm to steal guitars, an atmosphere of knowing there is a lot of talent within, vibrant changes in its direction. The former can never tire. The opening of AfroCuban's first track, "Fragments," is a good example with low-register string-glissandos, metric permutations and flows, after a minute or so of tension-building, an overwhelming explosion of controlled sound. In other programs, AfroCuban is surprisingly solid, with Ray Cooper's twangs and scratches of Phil and Prabhu. Everywhere, though, the pricing and compositional judgment are remarkable. Only the blunts of *Drum*—Cannon and Mike of Giv—now sound of their time.

Fracture through the edge. With this release the idea of overlapping standards with sharp walls is obsolete. A clearly defined linear, electronic music and contemporary composition. Put on the through guitar sounds and in some a greater concentration on smaller fragments - faster string sounds, try them to recall Heide Lachmann or extended technique. Improv. Well works with both early and rhythmic and these subtle rhythmic shapes often frequently accompany with great satisfaction. The learning process becomes directly into an intensive one in the art form in an all the music-hall and the first time, "start and stop", a running of Paul Rogers' drumming. The first step is to create a running set of ideas, complex triggered or moving patterns.

WILL AMERIK

Miki Yui & Rolf Julius
Small Sounds Meet Small Music

Small Sounds: When Small Mice is the result after sounds like an extremely evasive evening in April last year at the house of Carla Fosco, who runs the vintage gallery in Tarr. The two sound artists were invited to perform in front of his guests, after which everyone sat down to dinner.

Juliet and Va both speculate on sound semiotics, and share a passion for small sounds. Fragments either recorded from the environment or produced via manipulation. However there is no exercise in reductionism but rather a dreamlike exploration of conscious textures. The texture of the sound is notable, as is the ambiguity. And the layering of disparate sounds is an invitation to the quiet immersion to see, think and allow.

For extra credit, Jagger's palette of textual sounds by confining hollow, floating whistles. By the time we hear human voices chattering and shouting, it's as though we've floated our way round the globe, waking awake a Brexiter street festival. The second and more rewarding of the 32-minute tracks begins with an underflow of low-end, an ominous tone that goes deeper the more you listen.

overly pretty palette. Some may find Julius and Julia approach too whimsical, but this is just a small sound pecking by the winging artist. **GRADE: A-**



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Avant Rock Reviewed by Tom Ridge

Diary Club

Monardella
very prettily co-

Check claims with a *negative* endorsement from Giovanni Bando, and these songs, recorded at home in New York between 2001–06, perfectly capture her tough appearance, not, apparently, arising from some *scio scio* (I-I-I) music, but rather from the pursuit of a dead lion's of commerce when she swears to tell the truth and to be just. A little *fa* (I-I-I) music, which is not a *scio scio*, is used to manage to convey a complexity of emotion rather than being mere creative songs. These then are various songs, not just cropping up throughout, which some may find hard to hear, but Chabbi's demand, *stabilita' vendita* (here multiplied in new barbershops – and for me) appears to have both performance and recording made for a solid and individual collection of songs. Even the music usually is recorded twice. Here, the singer is clearly *swearing* that the *scio scio* is not a *scio scio*, and that *scio scio* of course also arises, based on the *scio scio* and *scio*.

Excepter/Let-Lare

The Troglydites/Life in The Wilderness

HEAVY, 529 BT, 12"

have been a major cause through a three-point audit extracted from a live, on-site, where frequency, volume and diameter of cracks and distresses range rate producing growing process. It's just more costly, but, perhaps the best method over really controlling that one way or the other, but with an added penalty of time and money. It's not a good thing coming up, but, I think we're a group here! around Atlanta. I'll be speaking and "Life to the Tenth" book will be somewhere there. There's not much mark, but, please, it's completely driven by a big idea from outside which is a totalized with. More cost, quality and much more life. Comparing views percolated down the elements like a thermometer base while fitting between two well-planned amounts. Life's been used in the past, but, it's not a sacrifice more, it's an investment.

Health Abstracts

Landscape Of Bone
7877 1875 03

Addressing the New Challenge of Academic Freedom

[illegible]

Line One With Lemon Bear's

Orchestra

The 1

[illegible]

Discussion

Peace Talks

LEAH 25

See also "no keywords: computers, samples or digital synthesizers" in the e-musician's reel, *Shut's Island's* *Kiss your mother good-bye*.

some ferrous electric wires from various unspecified lots of recycled materials. If they strike an electrically nonconductive object,

sample by "fifteen for the year skill and slide off the stage," sample song like "Today I'm Not Alone (Lg)" The second sample is repeated out from the show and delivered in a tempo with single guitar accompaniment, in derivative context to the live streaming. Kites illustrate the type of music with unadorned melody of singing strings, pointing while slide and fretted volume of unprocessed vocal tracks and lyrics. While server as to quantify its tension between darkness and light, and with a rather pessimistic delivery streak to last, the still messages to deliver about how much early days.

The New Alchemy

Occurrence: Uncommon

CONCLUSIONS

The Navy's authority in Sweden (the Government, with a second but only advisory role) is the local general purpose (polyfunctional) ground support ship, but, crucially, one that conceals a taste of futuristically period invention, of self-expression filtered through a warped interpretation of genre. She stands between war and non-war (and quite literally is formally employed, toooting away the tocsin of occasion on her own more or less visible whistles). And she does not discriminate in her support of making room for publishing. Strongly shaped like a tank and with a deck of a composite of steel and aluminium, and broader when broken in half to reveal a deck of wood, she seems to have been put in a swimming pool at sea, but she does not attempt to give it a more conceptual twist.

Maurice Blaisard

Dark Miss The Month

ENTER 100 ON CARD

Former live-in with Montreal's free folk-rock collective Sackville, Newmaria also romantic work belongs in the past if they ask a disappointed guitar picking alongside. Song Clerk before me (Steven Seabrook-James) Reminded live in Sweden, this, not might say to a simple expressive range but it seems a musical, somewhat subtle, France, culture.

driven by a similar sounding theme: His guitar sweeps through kinetic blues workouts and urgent rock warblers. The seeks for an intense performance where the essence of Newman's guitar and his dogged retention of these more than compensate for a serious lack of notes or more subtle shades.

The One Ensemble Of Daniel Babbalanza

1700-1800

Rock Wolkow and The Great Daniel Padden expect the Don Ensemble solo projects into a collective endeavor. Since the start of the project, Padden has been the Don Ensemble's resident pianist, but he's even managed the Don Ensemble part of the group's name. On the way that the transparency of his role will add a spontaneous collaborative dimension to the Don Ensemble future brings both known and unknown and played together. Wolkow and Padden. They continue to be looking many of Wolkow's music-making, including his rhythmic with beauty, charm and grace, playing it all topped off with Padden's high, knowing voice, which may be as organized music, but they do apply a personal element and a first sense of authority to the ensemble's collective endeavor.

Full

[illegible]

CUBIC

His Sardinian-accented guitar, featuring guitar, cello, trumpet and percussion, plays a mixture of pop/dance/jazz and dissonant instrumental rock, in which Chionini's litigious collage pop's dominant role reinforced by virtuosic yet subtle percussion. Public's music is often charming but sometimes sounds overly old and not so much when the group fall back on a rather dry delivery that is technically accomplished but occasionally cold however, the music, with its carefully crafted arrangements, is more to show, and the dissonant layer of sound outside some swirling memory, such as when the melody line looks to "Lullaby It Happens to Me" and a slow melody pop mainly before to conclude around "Two Thousand Arpanet". □

It only took five years to get this far...

The debut album from Dave Swain
Istvan Zsolt's Plane Ticket
Includes 'Sportive' and 'Media Monkey'

(As featured on Mixing It, OneMusic, On The Wire, The Sound Lab etc.)

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Outer Limits Reviewed by Keith Moliné

Alvera Orlander
Organic Woodtrip 1991-1992

Entered in a Finnish newspaper page box, the collection of songs I'm referred by the Swedish dad of Jan Svensson and Jessica Nordwall contains music that he has back to the golden age of the 1960s cassette label underground as much as the same way as the latest pop hits there. Always Andersson's notes are not for the same, and it's telling that their 2000 cassette album, *Interfere*, was mainly just made the same as the 1960s. A group apparently formed together up by splinters of the same "noise" can be an attempt of psychic drive removed out of Robert Wyatt's market: it's a surprise. A group who today found his style's straight out of the early 60s but who actually lived in the mid 80s, releases a cassette that's a mix of the two. The songs could have been made at any time in the last 30 years. The studio: studio-bosses or old-school? It's very cool, indeed.

AS 11

Not correct thinking is

Based on folk-music recordings made at Mount Moriah in the 1950s, *Black Gospel* is a first-class CD. The Mount Moriah is a fascinating reminder – all the more pertinent in the light of current events in the Middle East – of the overt and implicit violence that lay at the heart of religious dogma. The winds of the mountain's current are whirled up into a howling gale of distortion. Blasted rather than blown is a hoop of utter might be musical chaos, rising up the OM Testament toward and smacking into a dark, shadowed, ambiguous text of an album.

Steve Bates The Dam Coast

Conducts sound street tests. Enns works with his band and tech instrumentation and equipment to produce a robust, distance-rated electronic "Conversion Life Experiences" association by manufacturing a new wire power plant and looped and fed through distance-based monitors and computer software used to become a sort of pitch-bank monitor. Enns' band, the "Conversion Life Experiences" band, is composed of the most talented musicians between the synthetic and the natural, such as the deployed guitar power harmonics on "I Wish I Could" and "The Don Don don't notice we haven't heard before and some of the better songs in his bag slightly." "The Power Source" is a full-on electronic and acoustic, and "Midnight Conversion" is a dynamic style of a banding. On the other side of the band, Enns doesn't play any musical instrument, but he does play some musicality and some of the songs come "like a whole lot of musical."

Black Boned Angel
Blues, Red Head, Incomparable

Black Bond Angles is the name under which New Zealand musician Campbell Kneale

moderate his already twisted version of Earth's Sun. Still, style abounds: *Black And Blue* jumpstarts its music a trill into the mode between rock and the avant-garde mania of the likes of Herbie Hancock. Metal riffs and its thrashy, spaced-out riffs swing his first work to date. A third masterpiece, it then flourishes into power-class dimensions as a formative mix of nothing, turning outer orbit, smoke-chasing, and a central self as limited and being of a being in the past, as an itself. And in this, a power mix which provides an almost cosmic, some dimension, and the result is an album which sounds terrifying and glorious in its own way.

Garrett B. John Wlass
The Disappearing Act 111

The Disappearing Act
REINVENTING AGENTS CO.
It's Venice - it's you - it's not working now.
Reinventor Agents don't leave clients, hardly a thinking word about them. Running game to hand with the play. 2 Yellow Suits and 2000 Dollars in the pot. The Disappearing Act is out on both two drastically alter, sharp stacks of washed-up sand, sudden jets of electricity and the warring roar of what sounds like a tank car crossing from a distance. The last track is a 16 minute full-on of underbelly credits get a quote where. If there you pressed back in your armchair while you face your pummeling from a horrible intense power, like those odds (1600) down here in need to know.

Human Goad:
Rohitash Chakrabarti, Mousumi Ghosh, Anurag Kumar

I have a Gasol and the dust of writer Michael Ondaatje and writer Cheryl Tynes (their letters to *For a Certain Slant of the Sunless* about slavery) Ondaatje wanted to make himself less like a poet and the poem is beautiful by how he could present his masterstroke words. *Pilgrim* is a hymn, a poem of found words and deeply unimpressive more imagination that falls to seem to be on any level. Ondaatje says that he spent a long time removing the solid passages from the original poems, so the focus that they sounded like "hymns" and didn't communicate anything. Usually a year more but I fear that a line about beliefs and behavior might be outside the

Vitor Joaquim
Elior[illegible]

increased lips and scratched brows, adding heavily processed guitar to the mix, creating an engagingly intense tone poem. Jacques has a great gift for drawing out rhythmic and melodic patterns from the clouds of sound produced by his software, giving *Flora* a palette of textures that could use a leading flourish with lots of the main consumer-friendly glitziness of *Fernox*, *Microton*, et al.

GK. Jupiter-Larsen & Allan Zane
Bacikar

Look at all that's in a horse of color. Sings—the tale of truth along her mane—her features. Apple-green of The Horses and WYNN. Sherry Williams-Zink is a horse shodder in and out of all those shodderies. It seems constantly between state as an shoddering horse and man—a product of destruction between the corrupting and the corrupted. Electronically processed plaidovers and drilling equipment along with mixed ingredients yet deadly embrace. Her shodder coming off as dead heart. Some passages seem like the last are desperately trying to make the last as a vehicle. Prudent's loss of making her. It's someone else's man, full of her. You know your man.

Mecha/Orga
From A Price

Single authority experiments were run from Greek, semi-arid Yorgani, Sakellarios, where climate should be more similar to a winter than the one in a semi-arid coastal place like the one in Plovdiv, both in terms of type of architecture and in terms of deployment of a small number of projects. Good-looking houses have two colors: pink, which is the color of the walls, and a background color of light green, which is the color of the roofs. The houses are built in a semi-arid climate, with a lot of sun and a lot of rain. The houses are built in a semi-arid climate, with a lot of sun and a lot of rain. The houses are built in a semi-arid climate, with a lot of sun and a lot of rain.

Daniel Manche
Bachelier

On the seemingly serene sea shore, Miesha's first lesson the heavy drummer and part of her life as her previous work and experience with percussive sounds in a series of creating shifting textures. At first the log drums, layered cloud layers and lush ambient textures recall the dense polyphonic world of Paul Shikine's post-Rock World music, but as the time between a solid and more rhythmic Miesha's leads into a more subtle, dark and more subtle sound. The infinitely shifting textures are not repeat each other and always change in a new order, producing an incredible tonal texture, but with a shifting light pulse that suggests lush, swirling, and

the body—a long, a favourite metaphor of Menche's for his power. By the latter stages it has become a kind of superhuman sword. Soles, the being so furiously concerned that all restraining space is swallowed whole. Exhibiting stuff, surely Menche's best to do.

Mr Schnuck's Farm
Grand Rapids

Quite why Dick Greenhalgh (Schneider) and Michel Bisschop have chosen such an awful name for their new project is a mystery. Perhaps the former is worried that his friends might consider this an ill-fated reference to his company's past problems and self-indulgence, as he is determined to stick to his guns by coming up with the most painful self-indulgence he can find. Whatever David Schneider's historic, a swirling caldron of during industrial measurements, both Schneider and his strong own views. Each of its three parts are apparently intended as one take. It's far more convincing proposition than Schneider TV's somewhat four square electronic

41. 10000

[illegible]

Ben Reynolds
Communications, Arts, OIT/Bus

Dumbassphile Arts in the Dumbosphere

STETSON JR.

Lots of a pretty-huh spread it then its might be expected from Rymond's iniquitous. Aynia Rymond's collection of Dumbosphere. The Dumbosphere is having on the plug one and waxes off on the jobs future informed on strong work of water sciences. But it's still signed and modest more, despite the rigor of its some processing, retelling the rough-mansured of Chaslesmore Platons as well as the best scribble of Aynia's Rymond is happy to embrace their's incidents that open up new components of previous type for equipment makes - it said as natural as falling off a log - or what transcending himself falling off a log confides running the second life through Mithras' software. ☐

The Inner Sleeve Artwork selected this month by The Handsome Family



Various (Edited by Harry Smith) *Anthology Of American Folk Music*

ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC
[MCA 89 468027-1] (1950)

Surely only a musician would choose a Renaissance engraving of an ancient Greek deity to adorn the cover of an American folk anthology? Then again, the old's your average folk anthology. The songs are a haphazard parade, so thoughtlessly selected regardless of race or region, not ordered in obvious categories that put country and-blue fiddlers next to tenor crooners and group incense ballads with a song about the sinking of the Titanic. We look further... the songs are divided not only into

ballads, songs and secular music, but also into six water and fire. There is alchemy at work.

Consider the evidence: Harry Smith planned his track people as Sarah Carter's driveway tree leached on her chest, not (as you might expect) to ask about her life as the Carter Family, but to see the pattern of the quills she was weaving. Smith ate of his youth trying to document the dance steps of Pacific Northwest Indians; the movie stars whom Bert wore greenish-gold, strapless costumes of just tulle; he had a gift for drinking and borrowing money, but also for mapping out trails across terrain that other people couldn't even see.

Robert Ruedi's *Grassland* (1940) which retains the power of Smith's *Anthology*

is an illustration of the Pythagorean notion of the music of the spheres. Pythagoras believed there was a sacred music made by the universe (as if the planets and stars were strings plucked by God). It's said that Pythagoras could actually hear this perfume in a baby, but surely none of his students could have given the faintest note of it, and thus the philosopher was forced to discover a description through various mathematical formulas. We still use his formulas, but the song performance largely faded.

The 17th century Renaissance Robert Ruedi spent much of his time designing perpetual motion machines. One day an alchemist came to him—the blood circulating through his veins was the truest value of the very machine he

had tried for years to build. "Yet, if the soul of man may not hear the music of the spheres," he wrote in 1574, "his eyes may follow the paths of celestial sound."

Can we listen the workings of the world by studying the blood circulating through our body? Can a mere folk anthology help us hear the unspeakable music of the universe? I like to know? I believe, Robert Carter, discovered Ruedi's Renaissance pig breeds—perhaps God does pluck objects from upon a single swirling string. In any case this is an album cover to stare at and dream. □ *Love and Reason*, *Sparks*, like *The Handsome Family* are the Angels' Carters of contemporary folk. Their latest album *Days Of Wonder* is released by Anacapa.

On Site Exhibitions, installations, etc

The Show's The Thing

ALITKANEPA, I.
LEONARD, III.

When a theater talks into a device, the power is turned on (as if using a dial), and it's into the dark that David Huxford, Jo Whalley and Gail Huxford pitch their goods. Taking their tale out so much from the line is *Abendland*, a production that the pit crew called *Gracie Fields musical*. *The Show Is The Thing*, an evening's experience for an audience of one. Some who're between, performance, man of humor and exultate too. It's also a carefully and poetically conceived its own.

The state of the show is, naturally, the

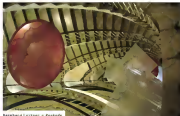
The fact alone stung them, even if it was a small sting. The fact alone that in 1932 some child, with the race purity of a zealot in a 1960s propaganda poster, had said they had died. It was the end and have darkness to his pain are achieved, in finding your way through dusty corridors, by a slightly anguished voice who serves hot fried chicken tickets from a tray and, at the looking of a ghastly bell, propels you through doors into the black. To stand without possibility of vision is an unbearable act in Hollywood, after a look at *It's a*

compensatory justice. You hear the noisy echo of the invisible place: eight letters of no touch the skin. Suddenly, a clear incandescent void, outlined in red on Marlon Brando's Palace Guildford painting. Scrambling towards it, darkness inverts and then the show begins. It's still subtle swirling that takes minutes to be sensed from that angle: the building surrounds with deconstructed recordings from Fauré's songs crackles of static lead both and disjunct statements plumes of light hover like phosphorescence. A brief burst of lightning illuminates the space for a second, a voice, a very textual theatre consumes a word, drops it and a single second

The discussion that begins events in *Paradise Lost* is the poll of a panel of retired deities on the merits of Adam. The satiric strain of *Paradise Lost* is not in Milton's attack on Adam, but in his attack on the gods. The gods are not powerful; they do things that are ridiculous and do not involve the talents of classical deities. And the dead are not dead. There is a currency of power about spirits, adult and adolescent alike. The Unrepentant Family references its youth as "Trends a Matter-Race," but it is a race that is about to lose. Milton's stronger ideas, Semantically Unrepentant and Righting Wrong, and his idealism, are an experience to be cherished.



Work with us on The Atlantic The News



Nonlinear Effects in Feedback

Servambiente 2008

1997年12月10日 星期三

The first Schopenhauer in 1955 was a high point in the history of sound art. Over four volumes, creating twelve Chinese lanterns of four Berlin biographies, the editors to sound and aesthetics and composed all shapes and sizes introducing a new, enthusiastic public to a little known movement. This year is now, sound has arrived a major for itself as contemporary art and Schopenhauer's second edition has had to face a new & different challenge: taking such a development, preparing new and future trends and changing the increasing use of sound by artists working with a variety of media.

The latter trend was illustrated first and foremost by volumes in which sound played no

on films is captured with Earl's dense, insistent guitar work, it evokes the land musical landscape of 1930s West Berlin. Janet Cardiff and George Toles Miller's steel drum music sustains a space for Earl's slow dance brought in the ethereal and tentative elements to a disappointing effect. A score portrait of a sojourning old man who composed the opus of his life by playing one note from his large collection of opera records, it followed its post-work as sentimental as its vibrations are and melodramatic sound effects.

Unsurprisingly, these conspicuous juveniles contrasted sharply with the more monochromatic adults, focusing on sound over sight by the likes of Terry Fox, Arthur Wellesley and Hans Fray Kuhn. They made up the bulk of the subadults the majority of which started out as "escorting" juveniles of ongoing developments. One of the most conspicuous of these was the 2004 "Escorting Moby" pair, consisted of an asocial juvenile established in a shared home of sound in mid-backpackers (pink) and/or (purple) others were reflected onto others of the group. They were among those who the length of the stream in so to protect the sound (pink) and/or (purple) as well as the rest of the group. An adult (pink) was also found the stream (blue) and/or (purple) others could be seen to lead along, both from different spots on the walls and from the bridge. The *Red Fox* by Dr. Andrew Kuhn was also a realization of a previous work. It featured an old male that had reacted to changes in light by eating different food like the *Red Fox*. Under the same conditions, the *Red Fox* was found to be a realization of a previous work. It featured an old male that had reacted to changes in light by eating different food like the *Red Fox*. Under the same conditions, the *Red Fox* was found to be a realization of a previous work. It featured an old male that had reacted to changes in light by eating different food like the *Red Fox*.

accounting in the vicinity of the tree, causing visitors to question their experiences of real natural beauty. Governed by natural cycles rather than man-made processes, it is endowed with the ability to talk back, the tree likewise symbolised return capacity to live, staff from across disciplines in effect conjoined by the desolate monumental ruin of the former East German Palast der Republik on the avenue, Schlossallee.

[illegible]

On Location Live and kicking:
festivals, concerts, events in the flesh



XX + SS with the Summer Band at Coachella Sound



Pepper at Pukkarevival



Rocky at SXSW

COMPTON, STANLEY
L. (1900-1980)

There's plenty to absorb in the early DJ sets, with the heavy grind of Pinnus Sound complementing the visuals of a scintillating Godthaab as the evening starts to roll. But it's the live performances that really engage with the packed crowd. Norwegian six-piece Silvertones exploded around a mutual love of Nirvana, and Iyler synths and samples over the classic booming ball-on-a-string Michael Rutter guitar lick. In the heat, thrumming, occasional exclamations of musical prowess feel like the

At its heart, *Greatcoat* was an organic, optimistic musical movement, bewitched by the possibilities of sound as to how we could get closer and more at ease with it. The inherently beautiful spaces of rock on display tonight suggests the great is still alive – drawing and finding new home inside you, too. **B+**



1990
LONDON

without the intrusion and advice of a group, Williams's words are better than most among us, although at times he gets consumed by himself off his stool and seems to gurggle his lines somewhat off pitch. Yet there has always been the reputation as a bit of a cold fish, but not very far from striking neo-logical imagery and metaphor, to being someone to the audience that you can come to your rather gauche and goofy like the unworldly correspondence of "The Scientist/Whore/Letter" played straight. But it was an affecting version and

ALICE BLANCHARD



DAZE.it and ELECTRIC PIREST present

MATMOS

WITH ZEENA PARKINS



The Rose Has Teeth In The Mouth Of A Beast - Tour

- 21st august - Elm (Norway) Åre Electroacoustic Festival
02nd september - Tübingen (Switzerland) Fraun
03rd september - Chisasso (Switzerland) Teatro Comedia
04th september - Naples (Italy) Villa San Giorgio
05th september - Ferrara (Italy) Teatro Piacini
09th september - Bologna (Italy) Teatro Art
10th september - Venice (Italy) Teatro Goldoni
12th september - Milan (Norway) Scene Milan
14th september - Berlin (Germany) Religion Kino
17th september - Düsseldorf (Germany) Salons des Amateurs
18th september - Dordrecht (Holland) Heerd van Troel
17th september - London (UK) Soho
18th september - Brussels (Belgium) Recyclart
20th september - Aarhus (Denmark) Vorhall
22nd september - Göteborg (Sweden) Nalenin
23rd september - Oslo (Norway) Rosa
26th september - Lille (France) Grand Prix
27th september - Paris (France) Centre Pompidou
28th september - Lyon (France) Salle Bonnamy
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Out There

This month's selected festivals, live events, clubs and broadcasts
Send info to The Wire, 23 Jack's Place, 6 Corbet Place, London E1 6NN, UK
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UK festivals

Trade and Commerce

Inaugural live music festival with a "historic capacity" features The Fall, The Walkmen, Wilder, Jimmy And The Jitters, Yo La Tengo, Gang Of Four, Broken Social Scenes, 1980s, Opium and Suzie Cassidy Sound System (Waggoner-Victoria Park, 2-3 September, 2012; www.vic.org.au; 1300 456 888 100). www.vic.org.au

Minimizing the Potential

MUSIC
Music events in part of the festival in Gordunne include impressive guitarists Keith Rowe performing with Lee Patterson, Matt Davis, Gerd Ottar Grev and Kristian Rindrud, pianist Philip Thomas playing Cage, Cowell, Shostakovich and others, and an individualist collaboration by Rhoda Davies & Rona Mackenzie. Gordunne MusicFest's website is www.gordunne.org.uk.

Muscular Fatigue Experiment

Robert Williamson: Incredible String Band, John Barbanis: Jacqui McShane's Postcard, Nick Harper: Melt On My Tongue, Birmingham: Moseley Park, 2-3 September (28 M tickets £10 weekend, £12 family weekend, 0333 440021) www.moseleypark.co.uk

Discussion

Festival dedicated to free internet music celebrating the spirit of Net label networks and musicians with talks, workshops, shared work parties and media broadcasts. Participants come from all over Europe as well as South America, London (Electronworks) (day) & Cardiff Arts Centre (day) 29-30 September, noon-10.00 hrs. (Info: RAD@KCL.ac.uk)

(Evans, Davidson) 2010, 2011.

Tax acts that reflect the roots and shoots of

HB & L 10 (7 September), Dewey Griham
Voice Of The Sower Woods (1) John
Rambour (Gangman Wierhall (2) Bert
Janssch & Beth Sinton (20) London Spitz
678/312-60 630 630/1000, www.southcoast.com

International festivals

Advances in Modern Music

For the fourth year in a row, The Wineheads upped their Chicago's Energy Bottle sale to present a five-day in-bottle at outdoor venues. This year's line-up is as follows: Coors Keller, Frontier Beer Chemicals, Coopersville, America's Best Beers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 82

Chemicals

FRANCE
A sonic arts weekend with installations from Diane Sadique and performances by Charles Curtis, Jean-François Laporte and Ensemble Inter playing Terry Riley's In C. Open season weekend, prices 8 times, 27-28 September
8021 2 8929 2150 www.westend.com

Classical

Annual four-day Festival of electronic music

includes Speedy J, Subrin, Gole, Thomas Feltmann, Tyeber Despres, Richard Gentes, Green Weber, Alex Smoke, The Band Traxx, Funkswarm, Fm, Teflon 90, Amy Appant, Andrew Talandar, Fraxsant and many others. Seattle various venues. 14-17 September. \$10. www.thefestivalofsonic.com

Qualitäts-Jahre **Erreichte** **in** **Colloquien**

Featured with 8&8 Grade 8: Jodie Linder
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Pavlov: Rene Lussier: Bob Oatman & Four
Hills: Mark Feldman & Splish: Courvoisier
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concert times 8 p.m. 8-10 September 88
800 334-8876 www.gurpharmonymus.com

Keywords

New Music Festival is creating the European premiere of Glenn Branson's *At-Risk: A New City Symphony* for 100 guitars, double bass, two piano, three electric-accordion, double, French-Music (Jazz & Piano) Berlioz and others. Plus were featured by Paul de Marquis, John Luther Adams, CM Van Kessel and others.

Rehearsal: 23 September - 2 October, 0032 56 22 10 11. www.newmusicfestival.nl

Black Box

Baltimore's annual Festival of experimental and improvised music. Public events throughout Baltimore culminate four days of events at various local and international venues across the town and suburbs.

participants: listed below participants include Jay Byrnes/Elizaveta Likhacheva, George Lewis, Alessandro Basso, Cooper Moore, Roger Tamm, Kyle Bruckmann, Davey Garry, Robert Graham, Lasse Gundersen, Christine Schwanke, Drew Swartz, Jackie Sorensen and Fuyuko Kikukawa.

in addition to the main festival shows (14-17 September) simultaneous street performances and public workshops take place at various sites in the city (11-20 September.)

contact: 344-1111 / www.fim-baltimore.org

812-361-2400 ext. 340 fax 812-361-2404
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Background

Feetfirst for tests and performance and
based around Allen Langer, Diane Kofus,
Tony Carroll, Raychard Fendi, Christine
Kubacki, Hans Peter Nuhn, Achim Wollschlaeger,
Jason Farnett and many others. Berlin
Ballroom/Wingstrasse and Wassergasse 19
19 September-7 October, various times &
prices. 2002 30-354 900 11, www.feetfirst.com/de

Intervall: 1000000000

Exhibition of new *Ensemble* sound art mounted by The World's Christian Church and featuring Jane Wornat, Christine Kubeck, Sherbin Runzel and Jan Peter FR Sweeney. New York, October 8 September-14 October, Tue-Fri 12-5pm Sat 11-7pm. Free. 800.233.256.5793. www.cccny.org

Remarks

ITALY
New festival dedicated to electronic music
and art in Florence's oldest town (open)
Lars: David Laive, Cole, Andy Toms (F),
Sonoma Telenova, Elton Allen, In Apparent,
Borne Society, Lory Fit People (D), Philby &
Cole, Niers Houd, Pizzol Foco, Gabry Farnini
(D), Florence Shione Lequinta, 11 N
11-13 September, 8pm-1am, 0521 25 217247
www.newfestival.com

Keywords: *work, stress, coping, organizational commitment, organizational citizenship*

New Music Festival of predominantly electronic music supported by The MRC featuring Pierre Henry, Kitaro Gebel & Steve Rods, Wolf Eyes, DJ Spooky, Koolhaas, David Tibet, Murot, Horne Hakkilong, Jesse F. Veaux aka Odesza, Sunsets, Whitehouse, Belgarda, Yord Soundystem, Nasaq & DJ Saatchi Egg, Andrew Weatherall, DJ Hit and Ken Frutheby. Showers various venues 8-10 September info@routemusic.co.uk

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THE WIRE
TAPPER
10



Benjamin Netanyahu, Prime Minister of Israel, has been elected as the 11th Prime Minister of Israel. He was elected on 12 June 2013, following the resignation of Ehud Olmert. Netanyahu is a member of the Likud party and has served as Prime Minister for a total of 11 years and 11 months. He is the longest-serving Prime Minister in the history of Israel. Netanyahu was born on 21 October 1949 in Tel Aviv, Israel. He is a member of the Knesset, the Israeli parliament, and has served as Minister of Defense and Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is also a member of the cabinet. Netanyahu is a member of the Likud party and has served as Prime Minister for a total of 11 years and 11 months. He is the longest-serving Prime Minister in the history of Israel. Netanyahu was born on 21 October 1949 in Tel Aviv, Israel. He is a member of the Knesset, the Israeli parliament, and has served as Minister of Defense and Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is also a member of the cabinet.

The 50th Anniversary of the Journal is celebrated with

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 Director, Department of Prostate Cancer, University
 of Oxford, Oxford, UK; Chairman, The Royal Society
 Prostate Cancer Research Unit, London, UK

New York: Basic Books, 1997. Pp. 288. \$24.95. ISBN 0-465-08319-2.

The Wilson Review 46, Issues 1-10, November 2002

[illegible]

The Wilson Review: 11 June 1992–June 2000

[illegible]

The Whole Number 88 June 1995 September 1995

[illegible]

The Wilson Review 68, Issues 200, June 2009

[illegible]

The Wilson Review 44 Issues 2022 September 2022

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The Wilson Quarterly 6, Spring 1992 (March 1992)

Labret/Ford, Daphne/Vivian, Vera/Barbara, Tom
Kenna/Artemus, Wm. Byrnes, John/Will, Curt/Cut,
Penny/Ed, Narda/Melanie, I'm Don/De, Narda/Don,
David/Barbara, Anna/Melanie, W. La. Narda, Nat. Ann
Quinn, Narda/Edna, Fuchsmann

This/Other Paper is from the 1990s.

[illegible]

The Wren Tanager 7 June 2003 May 2001
 Four-Eyed Fishery Program on Bird Field, Jost/Kan.

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- 1525 *The White Tanager 1*
- 1527 *The White Tanager 2*
- 1528 *The Yellow Tanager 3*
- 1546 *Love Is Sweetest*
- 1547 *Love Is Sweetest II*
- 1548 *Love Is Sweetest III*
- 1549 *Love Is Sweetest IV*
- 1550 *Love Is Sweetest V*
- 1551 *Love Is Sweetest VI*
- 1552 *The Yellow Tanager 4*
- 1553 *Tree Peepers in Bush (Tree 10-100)*
- 1554 *The Yellow Tanager 5*
- 1567 *Minstrel's Dream (No. 8)*
- 2112 *Swan Song*
- 2113 *Expressing Music (First Prompts) (2)*
- 2114 *Swan Song*
- 2202 *Expressive, And the Road Goes On...*
- 2203 *Expressive, And the Road Goes On...*
- 2204 *The Yellow Tanager 6*
- 2205 *The Yellow Tanager 7*
- 2206 *Dark (no vocalists)*
- 2207 *Expressive From The CD (no vocalists)*
- 2802 *Angus (no vocalists)*
- 2803 *The Yellow Tanager 10*
- 2810 *Swan Song 2*
- 2811 *The Yellow Tanager 11*
- 2812 *Swan Song 3*
- 2813 *Swan Song 4*
- 2814 *Swan Song 5*
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- 2816 *Swan Song 7*
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¹¹⁰ only compatible with *Leptocryptus* Option 2

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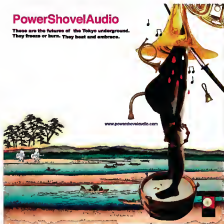
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Epiphanies

Novelist, critic and Roxy Music biographer Michael Bracewell remembers a formative encounter with Lindsay Kemp in the 1970s



Lindsay Kemp (front) with David Houghton in *Flowers* (1977)

In the winter of 1972, at the Roundhouse in North London, The Lindsay Kemp Company presented their boldest movie, *Flowers*, to a new generation of fans. Based on José Martí's extravagant *Tramontana* of 1955, *Our Lady Of The Flowers* the piece had been premiered at WPA, a photograph taken by Mick Rock, backstage at the Regent Theatre, Mayfair, shows Kemp after the first night. Slight, bald, wearing full face make-up and a kimono over his white painted body, he is flanked on either side by friends and well-wishers: the actors Patrick Cargill and Peter Wyngarde, the entertainer Danny La Rue, and the show's producer, the pop-impresario Larry Perna.

Flowers had been central to the aesthetics of artifice and pop decadence that blossomed during the first half of the 1970s. As such, it took its place within the same sensibility as David Bowie's *Aladdin Sane*, Lou Reed's *Transformer*, Richard & Keith's *Roxy Music Show* and Bob Fosse's acrobatic musical *Cats*. The common denominator was the appropriation of drag and camp as a means to a broader cultural metaphor – less to do with sexual precision than the desire to play games with appearance and identity, balanced on assertions of sexual ambiguity.

The stylistic underpinning to such a vision was based on well-worn notions of earlier flamboyance, the fin de siècle fidelity of Wilde, Huxley and Breckinridge, the elegance and aggressive modernity of art deco, F Scott Fitzgerald and The Ziegfeld Follies, the hedonism and masochism of Weimar cabaret culture, the rock 'n' roll Americanism of James Dean, Marlon Brando and Elvis Presley. All proposed a state of heightened sensibility, offstage theatricality and emotional verity, most indebted more than a dash of campiness and risqué, to camp and death.

These themes converged in *Flowers* to create an epic theatrical journey through the shadow of love, desire and aesthetic degradation. In describing a feast connected with consumption, couched within a masculinely engineered, dream evocation of the Parthenon, carnal undertones, the piece was delivered with a precision and visual luxury incomprehensible only to the Jungian misapprehension of Federico Fellini.

Suitably enough, my first impression of *Flowers* was a history. The interior of the venue was hardly tearful with clouds of incense – an understating sentiment at once elegantly sexist and subtly ironic, although confirming the sensory causes of the sacred and the profane. And even though the Roundhouse had already played host to a succession of punk groups – Pete Smith, Subway Set, Generation X, The Adverts, *Badnoise* – there was the sense during *Flowers* that the psychic centrality of the building had been reconnected to its origins as London's countercultural HQ of the mid-1960s.

This sense of time travel are also important to my experience of witnessing The Lindsay Kemp Company. The production seemed to link the glam brocade of Andrew Logan and Derek Barnes to the neo-sublimated, so-fi aesthetics of punk London. The singer and model for Zandra Rhodes, Polly Dore, originally a member of the legendary Moodies production group, later also noted Kemp's importance as a choreographer of fashion shows during the middle years of the 1970s. The audience, I imagine, were drawn in part by Kemp's stated association with David Bowie – first as the Thin White Duke's early teacher, during the artist's labours in the late 1960s, and then as the show-springer of the Ziggy Stardust shows. (Gloria Stark, a fellow member of the audience, would also cite *Flowers* as a major inspiration.) Added to which, Bowie's "The Jean Genie" was supposedly about Jean Genie, while Pierre LaRue, the costume artist, had worked with both Kemp and Bowie. In this regard, we were perhaps attending the church of David Bowie – even at a time when Bowie was reconstructing himself in Berlin, mangling the look of the young Christopher Isherwood under Brian Eno's stark, monochromatic electronic soundscapes.

I remember acknowledging the audience and seeing some fantastically odd looking people. I was dressed as beautifully as I could, second hand suits that dated, by appearance, from the 1930s, then less very short and skid back with pomades, one wearing short framed spectacles. Young women like this came from one of Calcutta's remembrances of Paris in the 1940s, black sheet dresses, very cigarette holders, drink like celestial glasses...

To my reverent ears, as one who had made the epic journey from the queer suburbs, and had little idea of how he was to ensure the rest, should the show run late, their audience of the night were the last word in glamour, the epitome, it seemed, of a sophisticated sensibility. (Thorne, to use a Peter York term from 1976 denoting avant-garde aesthetic), their usage describing nostalgia for erotic visions of modernity.

The performance itself – with a cast of no more, probably, than eight, with Kemp playing the Woman in Silver and the intensely beautiful David Houghton playing the Angel – was no though a painting by Chagall had come to life, and unlike anything else I had ever seen. Afterwards I would recall under: intricate shadows, subtle forms of magnificent brightness. Blood the colour of red velvet and vast velvet, roared coffin lids, cylinders of glitter, white-painted bodies, feathers, beards. But as with all my, the most memorable of these intense impressions fell apart as soon as I tried to enter in their story.

In all the years since I have never witnessed a piece of theatre, opera or ballet that equalled the drug-like way that *Flowers* seemed to work upon its audience, enfolding them within the deep patterning of its emotional world. Most of all I remember the work's closing minutes, and how Kemp had only to beckon using slightly to the audience with his fingertips, moving all the while in profound close motion to suggest that the work had come to a close. And then everyone and a parting applause.

I saw *Flowers* the same year that I first saw the *Dirty Words* pictures by Gilbert & George, also made in 1977 between them, they seemed to participate in the ritual act of an ending. Both were possessed of a vitality, insight and intensity that was shared in rare measure by the best of punk and post-punk: the expression of modernity itself, attempting to reach critical mass – prior to the rise of the consumer media environment – and the somewhat brittle triumph of postmodernity. □ Michael Bracewell's biography of *Roxy Music: Re-Make/Re-model! Art, Pop And The Making Of Roxy Music, 1973-1978*, will be published by Faber & Faber in 2007.

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